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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 126.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 2, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

LADY HELEN GROSVENOR

Who is lying seriously ill. Lady Helen was unable to attend the wedding of her brother, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, to Lady Mabel Crichton a fortnight ago

No 126.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Motor-Car Mechanics for Beginners." By G. Foster Pedley. (*The Car Illustrated:* 1*s.* net.)

"Every Man's Book of Garden Flowers." By John Halsham. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.* net.)

"Bombay Ducks." By Douglas Dewar. (John Lane: 16*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Lady Marion and the Plutocrat." By Lady Helen Forbes. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"A Veneered Scamp." By Jean Middlemass. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Love with Variations." By Alice M. Diehl. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Tracks in the Snow." By G. R. Benson. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
May 2, 1906

Everton's victory in the English Cup final was due, says a contemporary, largely to Sharp, who was really responsible for the goal scored. He should join the Army, where there is room for a Sharp-shooter.

* * *

Apropos of yesterday's (May 1) Labour procession, much gratification was felt in the circles affected at the kindly action of the Labour leaders, who had decided that, for this year at least, members of the upper and middle classes would not be required to lie face downwards on the pavement during the passing of the procession.

* * *

It is stated that what is almost the most popular reading in British prisons is the *Boys' Own Paper*. The proprietors of that excellent journal are now understood to be in two minds as to whether the advertising of this fact is likely to contribute to the sales of the *B.O.P.* amongst parents and guardians.

* * *

Pardonable arrogance

FITZFOOTLE (*driving himself for the first time*): "I wish you'd be more careful how you drive, you stupid owl! You're the third boundah that's nearly spilt me to-day"

The Chief Secretary for Ireland has expressed the hope that the Government will be able to do something for the forests of Ireland. The Chief Secretary is likely to be guided in his action by the well-known handbook on "Up Gum-Trees in Ireland; or, Irish Bark and Bite," by Messrs. Wyndham and Balfour.

* * *

Russia is said to be in search of a new alliance; we suppose she is feeling loan-ly.

Suggested name for a combination which included Russia: The Cripple Alliance.

* * *

The warmth of feeling aroused by the Trades Disputes Bill suggests that the name should be changed to the "Commons Disputes Bill."

* * *

There is no truth in the statement that Mr. Snowden will resign his seat in order to contest the vacancy in Carnarvonshire.

Apropos of the cricket season, several players have, we hear, learnt new strokes—of the pen.

* * * *

Kent announce a number of two Day matches, while Leicester will make a special point of Knight games.

* * *

There is a persistent rumour that a Lancashire man will, for the earlier part of the season at least, be included in the Lancashire eleven.

* * *

Lord Dalmeny, Mr. J. E. Raphael, and Mr. R. A. Knox are the first three Surrey captains to be appointed during the present season.

* * *

The outside man's view of a special branch of thought is often valuable to those engaged upon it. Humorists will, therefore, be interested to know that Mr. Keble Howard, the author of the "Smiths of Surbiton," has been writing about them in a contemporary.

ANGELINA TO ASQUITH

O man, empowered by a remorseless State
To levy on our toil a shameless rate,
How should my Reg, least rich of Fleet Street hacks,
Pay Income Tax
Who income lacks?

Why, scarce a week has passed since I exclaimed,
"When next he calls, let's have him shot, or maimed,
Or—happy thought!—we'll damp his fiendish joy
With boiling tar,
My darling boy!"

Your predecessor, once, seized nearly all
A maiden aunt's estate, though pitifully small,
As probate; making, when they'd had their fill,
Our wisp of will
A will-o'-th'-wisp.

Our love for you has thus grown somewhat faint.
Yet, lest your minions should impose distraint
On our few goods, I send the cheque that's due
From Reg and I
To Revenue.

My Ball Programme

(More caustic comments by the "Blasé Débutante")

12. Waltz.

I did not catch his name, but he came with the North-Lindsay's, and Mamma says they know the right people. Anyway, he had an arm like a boat-hook, and waltzed as if he had a starting-gate continually in front of him. It was a most distressing exercise. I believe we collided with the Richardson girl, the one who drives Jim Deacon's motor. She overheard me say that he encouraged her because her red hair matched the dark green tonneau. At least I think she did, because she made Deacon reverse in order to look at my frock. She waltzes in the snake style, so that you can't tell if the skirt fits. Green-eyed girls ought not to bend . . . (Heavens! What is the man doing now? Two beats in a bar. Don't drag me — I'll go quietly. Tum, tum, tummy, tum, tum! Not tummy, tummy, tummy, tum! That's a barn dance. Dearie me, he's perspiring.) Pretty waltz? Oh, deliciously drowsy! Did you go to the Point-to-Point?

* *

13. Waltz.

Captain Nepean, looking convalescently dissipated, took charge of me, and I enjoyed it. He is consistently miserable about other people's morality. I think most men take a horticultural interest in sin, and Nepean is an enthusiast. Just at the dreamy *adagio* movements he pulls you in quite close, and screams down the back of your neck, "Why doesn't Jones get a divorce?" You probably don't know Jones, but you have to say, "Ah, why?" or he would tell you all the indelicate details. Not that I shouldn't like to hear them, but he talks so loud. At the same time, there is plenty of passive enjoyment to be derived from his dancing. It *is* so melancholy, and he has such an eerie way of skidding the corners. It's all very much like taking the waters in mid-season.

* * *

14. Waltz.

Little Raffles is such a peculiarly odious man that he is only tolerated at a dance. He has an infirmary type of face, most vulgarly kind, and morbidly cheerful. He purrs round you with his hands together, like a butler, and I really wonder I went in to dance with him at all. He wore one of those vile frilled shirts. I suppose they grill them instead of ironing them. I told him so, and he giggled! He is very fond of "backing" you down the room with his head on your chest, and then he complains of giddiness. I would order him to sit out, but he gets sentimental, and I can't possibly be expected to wear a long skirt just because he admires my feet. And you can't very well sit cross-legged on the stairs like a tailor. Oh, he's simply stifling!

* * *

The dear loaf

Navvy (*tendering* 2½*d.*): "Cottage loaf"
Baker: "Another farthing, please, bread has risen"
Navvy: "When did it riz?'
Baker: "To-day"
Navvy: "Gimme yesterday's"

15. Lancers.

Imagine my consternation in finding that I had to swing corners with the boat-hook, and he actually had the impertinence to hold me close. He's very good-looking, though. Our *vis-à-vis* were Mrs. Dempster (divorced in 1902) and Johnnie Straub (co-respondent in 1897 and 1904). Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton — (Hamilton was an M.P. last year, but this time the Nonconformists wanted a stevedore; Mrs. Hamilton pays her Bridge debts quarterly!) — and two musical celebrities, completed the set. Oh, and the boat-hook was dancing with an American woman. If not, it was American scent. The dresses clashed superbly as usual. Mrs. Hamilton was in marquisate, about the tint of the cover of the *Quarterly Review*, I was in *café au lait crêpe de chine*, the musical celebrity wore a sort of platform grey, and the boat-hook's partner displayed purple shot-silk petticoats under a *suède* gown. It must have looked very affecting in the grand chain.

* * *

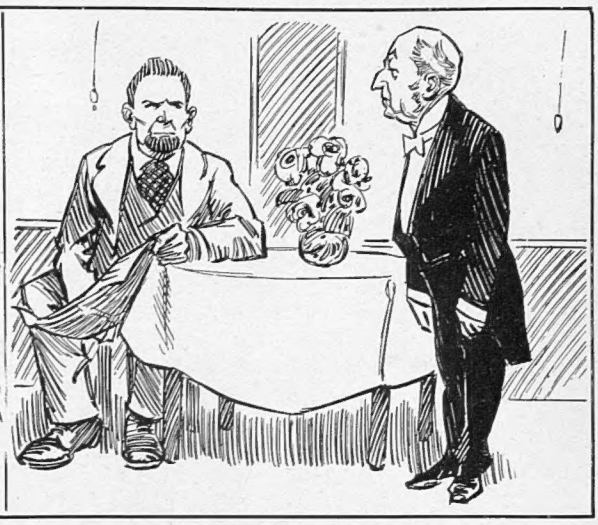
16. Waltz.

This I danced with Basil. Frankly, I am rather interested in Basil. He has a most delicate way of taking hold of you, which makes you feel pretty and expensive at the same time, the sort of feeling you get when you undress after the first drawing-room. Mamma says he must be a pauper, because nobody knows his relatives, and also because he wears cotton socks. But Mamma would draw discouraging deductions from the petticoats of a saint in a stained glass window.

The Topictator

Ellen Terry

"And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*



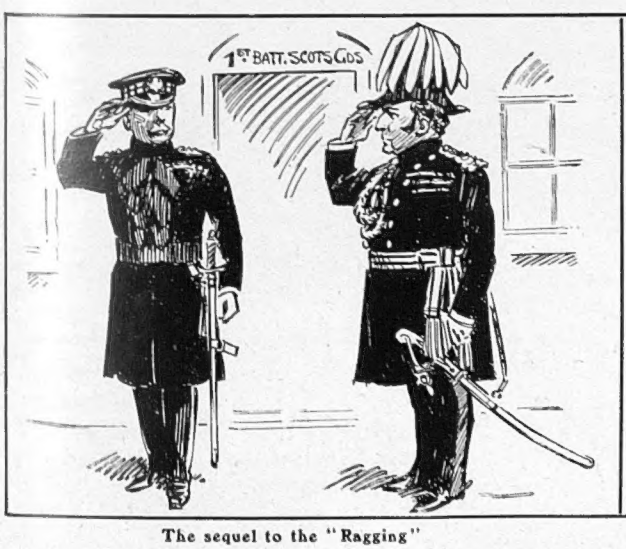
Will it come to this?

(*The Kitchen Committee has been gradually lowering the charges for meals to meet the democratic requirements of the House of Commons*)

"Cup o' thick and two doorsteps"

"The third time pays for all"

"Topictator's" dream after witnessing the victories of Everton and Dean Swift—in each case after two unsuccessful attempts



The sequel to the "Ragging"

BULL, F. M. (*to Colonel Cuthbert*): "The practice is abominable, and must be put down; but for you, sir, as a soldier and a gentleman, I have a profound admiration"

Enfranchisement of women

(*In the debate on this question, Mr. W. R. Cremer, said: "Women are creatures of impulse and emotion, and do not decide questions by reasoning"*)

ONE OF THE SISTERHOOD: "Now, Sir, *do* I look emotional?"

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Flatcatcher Reformed

And so Dean Swift, in the language of the racecourse, has rolled home at last. In one's racing experience a good many flatcatchers are inevitably encountered, horses that flatter only to deceive most grievously, and Dean Swift obviously ranked in that unenviable category until last week. By his fine performance on Wednesday the Dean redeemed his reputation in no small measure, but the thousands lost over him by the public in the past were certainly not got back in the City and Suburban, for many people who had consistently followed the horse on the principle that he owed them a lot, abandoned him once and for all after his failure at Lincoln. A few folk raised the semblance of a cheer as Dean Swift was walked back to the saddling enclosure, but it was not a popular win. The advice expressed in these Notions last week that no notice should be taken of Donnetta's bad gallop at home was borne out by the race, for the mare ran with her usual gameness and prominence.

Lord Carnarvon

At Epsom Spring Meeting, at which his bay filly, Futurity, was the winner of the Tattenham Plate. Lord Carnarvon's luck has not been particularly good since his great horse, Robert le Diable, was withdrawn from training, but at present he has a useful lot of animals at Whatcombe, a stable which is exceedingly well managed by Mr. R. C. Dawson. To Lord Carnarvon's initiative may be traced the formation of the Racehorse Owners' Association, a powerful body, whose main object is to get some of the heavy expenses of owners cut down

"Jubilee" Prospects

Really I fail to see anything more promising than Ambition and Donnetta among those entered for the "Jubilee," to be run at Kempton Park on Saturday week. It is curious that neither Dean Swift nor Golden Measure are engaged for this race, and for some reason or other the general class is below that which is usually found in the "Jubilee." Fermoyle will meet Ambition on considerably better terms than when he succumbed by only a head to him last year, while Nutwith will be similarly placed in regard to Donnetta. Between the two candidates I have singled out there is little to choose on their City and Suburban running, but I believe the mare has better staying powers, and anyone wishing to bet in advance on the Jubilee could support nothing more genuine than **Donnetta.**

Grumbles About Epsom

Epsom races can be followed throughout by vast crowds of people, and the journey from town is easy by road or rail. These features have helped to make the meeting exceedingly popular. But for the general public extraordinarily little is done by the racecourse authorities, and it says much for the fascination of the sport that people turn up in such numbers to undergo so many discomforts. The Grand Stand is not a stand really so far as the public is concerned. If you are not fortunate enough to occupy a private box, you are obliged to view the racing in supreme discomfort from a grass slope densely crowded with bookmakers and people who, somehow, all seem taller than yourself. As an alternative you can climb to the roof and take your chance of securing a lofty perch, but here, of course, the accommodation is necessarily limited. On Wednesday you paid a sovereign for this so-called Grand Stand, and if you wanted to improve your position by entering what is grandiloquently known as the Reserved Lawn, where everything is equally comfortless, you paid another pound. Then there would be a further ten shillings for the Paddock, forming an outlay of £2 10*s.* in all. No wonder people were grumbling once more about the ruinous charges at Epsom. How much better are these things done at Longchamps, the splendid racecourse outside Paris, where one has a comfortable *pavillon* for five francs and a palatial *pésage* for twenty.

The "Guineas"

At Newmarket this week the great race is the Two Thousand Guineas, in which the King may be represented by Nulli Secundus. Possibly this is a good colt, but he has been "written up" with absurd warmth, and it was not until last week that his trainer asked him to gallop in earnest. Black Arrow was also tried last week, and succeeded in adding to his evil reputation. Bill of the Play and Gingal have both run well this season, and are expected to prove formidable on Wednesday, but my selection is **Admirable Crichton,** who was a great colt until an illness weakened him towards the end of last season. In the absence of this colt I should take Bill of the Play. In the One Thousand Guineas on Friday, **Flair** is bound to be a tremendous favourite, and must win if she reproduces her two-year-old form.

Epsom Spring Meeting

SCENE ON THE COURSE AT THE CITY AND SUBURBAN

Scene from the Stands after the City and Suburban

ROUND THE TOWN

We are so often offered payment by people to publish announcements of engagements, forthcoming weddings, and other matters of social interest, that the Editor wishes it to be understood that all such announcements, as well as photographs of the parties concerned, are published without charge, provided they be of sufficient general interest. News and photographs suggested as suitable for publication in these pages should be addressed to the Society Editor, THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

The King and Queen

The King, it is hoped, will have arrived in England by to-day in order that he may be present at Newmarket to see the race for the Two Thousand. The Queen and Princess Victoria will be in residence at Buckingham Palace, at any rate until the first Drawing Room, on May 25, which the Queen, it is at last decided, will herself hold, assisted probably by the Princess of Wales. The welcome presence of the King and Queen in London will, it is hoped, bring many people back to town, and also to an appreciation of what is expected of them in the way of entertaining. It is now quite decided that the Prince and Princess of Wales will attend the Coronation of the King and Queen of Norway on Friday, June 22.

* * *

Punchestown

In view of their well-known prejudice against racing it was really very good of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to attend this meeting last week. They had a big house-party all the week at the lodge, which included Viscount and Viscountess Hawkesbury, Viscount and Viscountess Powerscourt, Viscount Anson, Lord Herschell and the Hon. Muriel Herschell, Captain and Lady Clementine Waring, and others, and the dance on Thursday, at which everyone turned up, was a great success.

The whole of the arrangements for Punchestown come under the able supervision of Captain Waring as Master of the Horse, and he and Mr. Percy de la Touche, who, since Lord Drogheda's death, has taken his place in all the working up of the race, did everything just about as well as it could be done. Captain and Lady Clementine Waring have been staying with Lord and Lady Tweeddale (the latter one of the few Italians in the Peerage), at Yester House, Haddingtonshire, and have also been enjoying some salmon fishing from their own place, Lennel, a property Captain Waring recently bought of Lord Haddington.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Hon. Anthony Morton Henley and the Hon. Sylvia Stanley

Whose wedding was celebrated at Old Alderley Church last week. The bridegroom is half-brother of Lord Henley. The bride is the second surviving daughter of Lord Stanley, of Alderley

Hundreds of well-known people went over during the week in order to attend the races, and all the usual house-parties took place. Lord and Lady Grenfell had a large party at the Royal Hospital, the Earl and Countess of Mayo were entertaining at Palmerstown, and Viscount and Viscountess Iveagh's party at Phœnix Park included Lord Richard Nevill and Lord and Lady Cadogan. The presence of the 11th Hussars in Dublin, in addition to the 19th of that ilk, is much appreciated, although, as a matter of fact, Dublin generally seems to be the one place in the world where there are always enough men to go round and generally lots over.

* * *

A Week of Racing

Somehow, during Punchestown week, the only racing which seems really to *count* is that going on at the Curragh, and, indeed, this year at any rate, the Irish racing contingent was more favoured than the shivering crowds which were at the same time patronising the Royal sport in England. At Punchestown the sun shone brightly all the time, and it was nothing like so cold as at Epsom, for instance, on Tuesday and Wednesday, where the bitter north-east wind kept away even those enthusiasts who boast that they never miss the City and Suburban. At Epsom all the women were muffled in furs, and they needed them, and, of course, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were there, as well as Lady Noreen Bass, Lady Barbara Smith, and, amongst the racing men,

At Punchestown Races

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN AND A BRILLIANT GATHERING

Lord Aberdeen Lady Aberdeen

Arrival of the Viceregal party

Although not very keen on racing, Lord and Lady Aberdeen were present to give the finishing touch to the success of Punchestown Races this year. The Viceregal party drove in full state up the course, escorted by the Earl of Mayo and five or six of the Kildare Hunt stewards in pink coats. In the Royal box they were joined by their house-party, including the Lords of the Admiralty (Lord Tweedmouth and Sir Charles Drury), and Earl and Countess Cadogan. The latter were given a great reception on their first visit to Ireland since Lord Cadogan resigned the Viceroyalty

Photos *Lafayette*

In the Grand Stand at Punchestown

A Quixotic Ducal Doctor

Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Stanley, and Lord Villiers. The latter was also present at the Sandown Park Meeting on Thursday to see Painted Lady take a place. Rain or shine, Sandown is always delightful, and, compared with Epsom, the elements on Thursday and Friday were almost kind.

* * *

Lady Helen Grosvenor

Lady Helen Grosvenor, whose picture forms the subject of our frontispiece this week, and whose serious illness has caused such wide-spread anxiety and sympathy, may truly be said to have more "advantages" than any other girl in Society. Young (she was one of last season's youngest débutantes), pretty, and related to half the aristocratic families in the kingdom, Lady Helen is a much-to-be-envied girl. She has, perhaps, more available chaperons than anyone else I can think of, not the least amongst them being the Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Teck, Lady Shaftesbury, and, of course, her mother, Katherine, Duchess of Westminster. From the latter, Lady Helen is scarcely ever separated, and they go everywhere together. At the time of her brother's (Lord Hugh Grosvenor) marriage to the then Lady Mabel Crichton, the other day, Lady Helen was in such danger that the whole of the arrangements for the ceremony had to be altered, and the wedding took place in the side chapel of St. Peters', in the presence of just the near relations of both parties. Soon after, however, Lady Helen took a turn for the better, and her speedy and complete recovery is now earnestly prayed for by all the many friends of the family.

* * *

The Ragging Case

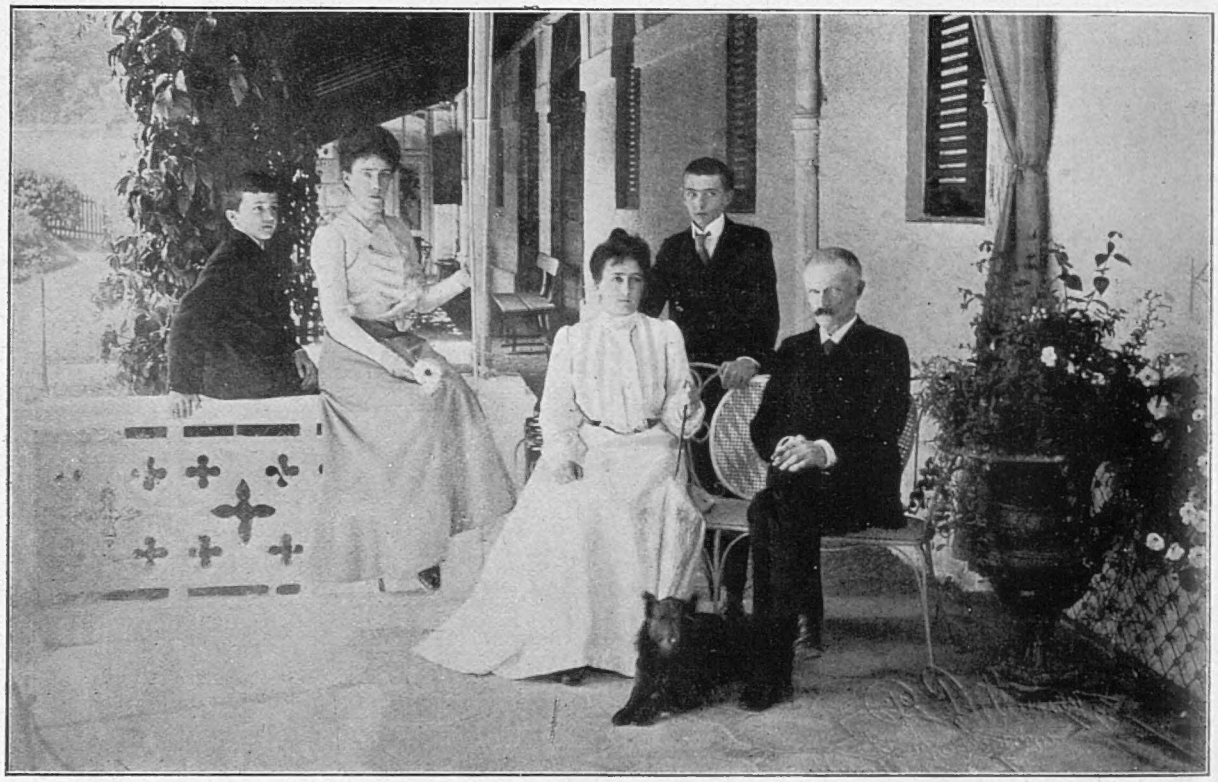
The decision of the Army Council on the "ragging" case falls the hardest on Colonel Cuthbert. To have served one's country well for thirty years, and then, owing to an error of judgment to which he himself fully owned up, to find one's career ended, is almost tragic.

* * *

May Dances

Some of the nicest dances and parties this month will be given by Lady Margaret Graham, sister of the Marquis of Northampton, who, as wife of Sir Henry Lowndes Graham, Clerk of Parliament, has one of the most charming residences in the Houses of Parliament. Lady Margaret learnt the A B C of entertaining when, as Lady Margaret Compton, she entertained for her father, the late Marquis of Northampton, both in London and in the country, and she also used to share the duties of entertaining with her sister, Countess Cowper, when the latter was at Dublin Castle. Lady Margaret gives balls for her daughter, and no more charming room for a dance exists in London than her ball-room, with its great mullioned windows, which, when thrown open at night, reveal a dazzling River Thames.

Amongst other May-dance hostesses may be



A Quixotic Ducal Doctor: The Duke Carl Theodore of Bavaria

Who, although one of the most renowned oculists of the day, yet takes no fees for the operations he performs, and has turned his castle at Tegernsee into an eye hospital. His wife is a sister of the Emperor of Austria

Dances in the "Merry" Month

included Lady Adelaide Dawnay, who is giving one for her daughters; Lady Ward, who will entertain for her grand-daughter, Miss Cynthia Keating; Mrs. Harold Baring, Mrs. Baxendale, and Mrs. Basil Anstruther.

* * * * *

Men of the Hour

The Earl of Wicklow and Lord Hastings have both resigned their commissions in the Life Guards and 7th Hussars respectively. Lord Wicklow, who retires as a captain and saw service with the Guards in South Africa, married, four years ago, Lady Gladys Hamilton, a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and he now intends to live almost entirely at his beautiful and historic seat, Shelton Abbey, Co. Wicklow. Lady Wicklow, who is small and very fair, favours, like another blonde, Princess Henry of Pless, the heavenly colour—blue—and she is seldom to be seen without her birthday-stone — turquoises. Lady Wicklow, like her husband, is very keen on sport, and last summer, at the Guards' Regatta, she coxed a winning crew. Both Lord and Lady Wicklow are great on motoring, and their four-year-old son and heir, Lord Clonmore, is said to be a true child of his parents, in this respect at any rate.

Lord Hastings, who is only twenty-five and unmarried—a *parti*, in fact—is also a large landowner, both in Norfolk and in Northumberland, and his beautiful Jacobean house at Melton Mowbray contains some very precious china, as well as a big collection of mediæval antiquities. He makes this house his headquarters, and lives there with his mother, a daughter of Lord and Lady Suffield, and sister to Countess Carrington and Lady Hillingdon.

* * *

Aristocratic Priests

The recent celebration in Rome of the jubilee of the priesthood of Monsignor the Hon. Edmund Stonor, great-uncle of Lord Camoys, and a son of the Lord Stonor in whose favour Queen Victoria revived a barony which had lain dormant for some five hundred years, reminds me that his many admirers in Rome, and especially the attendants at the English Roman Catholic Church, S. Silvestro, all thought Monsignor Stonor would be made a Cardinal when the present Pope had his first Consistory. He is, however, next to Cardinal Merry del Val, who is only worshipped from afar, the most courtly, affable, and charming of the many courtly priests in Rome. Cardinal Merry del Val, it will be remembered, came over to England for the Coronation, and the "handsomest man in Rome" created almost

The Misses Dawnay, daughters of Lady Adelaide Dawnay, who is giving a dance this month

After a Sir Joshua Reynolds' Picture

John Mills

Men of the Moment

a sensation—especially driving in the Park, an emerald-green cord round his soft hat, and wearing a long black *soutane*, differing in one respect only from that worn by the ordinary priest. He is tall and slim and very dark. How often have I seen him walking in the Borghese gardens with his secretary, in front of his carriage with its two black horses; the small and solemn procession looking for all the world like a funeral, the chief mourner walking in front of the first mourning coach—Cardinals may not walk inside the walls of Rome, so they take constitutionals in the various gardens. He would glance musingly from under his long eyelashes at the cyclists in the Course, and the other English visitors.

Talking of eyelashes, he has a lot of good-looking Spanish priests in his *entourage*, whose eyelashes must be three inches long at least! He spent the summer before last at Castel Gandolfo, in the hills outside Rome, where he amused himself in the villa garden by shooting at ginger-beer bottles, or, rather, wine bottles.

* * *

A Much-Dethroned Queen

The bicycle accident to the Countess Montignoso (late Queen of Saxony) in Florence, through which she broke her leg and will have to lie up for some time, reminds one that her ex-husband, the King of Saxony, is again petitioning the Pope for a dissolution of his marriage, as he wishes to marry again. The name of the lady he intends to favour is, however, kept secret as the grave, a very necessary secrecy in view of the tremendous difficulty even Royal children of the Roman Church have in obtaining the Pope's consent to divorce. This is the second important divorce petition which is before the Pope at the present moment, the other claimant to his clemency being the son-in-law of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender.

* * *

Mr. Chamberlain, Then and Now

Many happy returns (in advance) to Mr. Chamberlain, who celebrates his seventieth birthday in July. Our two pictures show the great man as he was thirty years ago, when he first entered Parliament, and as he is now — a free-lance and a Liberal-baiter. I hear that during his sojourn on the Continent Mr. Chamberlain *put on flesh!* This will never do, if the ex-Colonial Secretary is to preserve that air of youthful vigour and vivacity which so riles his heavier opponents.

Photo Elliott and Fry

The Earl of Wicklow

Who has resigned his commission in the Life Guards

Monsignor the Hon. F. Stonor

Who celebrates his Jubilee this week

The King of Saxony

Who is petitioning the Pope for a dissolution of his marriage

* * *

At the New Gallery

No less than two portraits of Miss Constance Collier, the *intriguante* Poppœa of His Majesty's, find a place among the many portraits now hung at the nineteenth summer show at the New Gallery. The first, which is by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, combines two most delightful qualities: it is restful as well as decorative, and the figure, posed against a Georgian wall, stands out with unerring effect. Her other portrait by Mr. Byam Shaw is also in this very gifted young artist's very best style. Sir Philip Burne-Jones has two other portraits in the Show: one is of the Countess Feodora Gleichen at work in her studio, and the other, also decorative, is of Lady Palmer.

* * *

Some Interesting Portraits

Another actress, whose fine face has been very well portrayed by Mr. Hugh Riviere, is Miss Genevieve Ward, and another portrait distinguished for its strength is Mr. Harold Speed's General Baden-Powell (see p. 219). Other portraits, all of which reach a very high level of excellence, are Mr. Sargent's sketch of Seymour Lucas, Mr. J. J. Shannon's Mrs. Arthur H. Lee, and Professor von Herkomer's Mrs. L. Lazarus. By the way, Professor von Herkomer has promised to paint, free of charge, the portrait of the winner of the Trophy Motor Race at Munich, which is to take place from June 5 to June 13, and in which Prince Henry of Prussia is one of the competitors.

* * *

Prince Buelow

In many ways, Germany, especially official Germany, reminds one of autocratic Russia. Its ruses are so childlike; its Emperor so naïve. It is, for instance, still officially denied that the German Chancellor is ill, but everyone who knows anything about Prince Buelow, his terrific industry, his whole-souled devotion to work, and his master, knows, also, that he would not have kept his bed for something like three weeks if he had not been really ill. There is no doubt that the enormous strain of the last few years has

Mr. Chamberlain's Coming 70th Birthday

culminated in a nervous breakdown of sorts; even the iron-nerved Prince Bismarck came very near such a breakdown at times; and Prince Buelow, in many ways, has had more to contend against than Prince Bismarck. His master, the Emperor William, is exacting and interfering to a degree seldom reached by his predecessor, but with it all, if there is one man of whom the Kaiser is more fond than another, it is his Chancellor, Prince Buelow. One of the houses he delights to visit is that presided over by the Chancellor's brilliant and versatile wife, for whom the Kaiser has that intense admiration invariably shown for brilliant *mondaines* by the men who require

Polo in Berlin

Berlin, however, is coming on fast. Its latest secession to Fashion is the establishment of a polo club at Carlshorst. Probably the well-known liking of the Crown Prince for the game has been one of the chief factors in its establishment. Needless to say, only the most advanced Germans have taken to the game, but I foresee that it will become the right thing to play polo once the beautiful and ubiquitous Prussian officer gives his mind to it. Of course, the ponies at present in use have been purchased in England, and an Englishman is established at the club as instructor in the game.

Photos *Whitlock*

Mr. Chamberlain to-day, in his seventieth year

Mr. Chamberlain as he was, on entering Parliament, thirty years ago

Without distinction of Party, everybody will unite in congratulating Mr. Chamberlain on the celebration of his 70th birthday in July next. This year is also the thirtieth anniversary of his representation of Birmingham in Parliament—an event which the Midland city is to honour mightily by great demonstrations

deadly dulness and a positively appalling domesticity in their wives. Between the Kaiserin and the Princess, however, no love at all is lost, and they meet only on State and other absolutely necessary occasions. The Princess is the exact antithesis of the German Empress in every way, and it is small wonder that they do not exactly love one another. The Princess, who is an Italian, and who has been twice married, has the gift of languages and of entertaining, and the receptions at her palace are far from being the dull and correct functions political parties are apt to be, especially in that stronghold of moral rectitude —Berlin.

America at Athens

A positive fleet of American yachts was cruising round Athens last week during the Olympian Games, and the omni-present American voice, with its soft and liquid inflections, was painfully prophetic of the Savoy or the Cecil a little later on in the year. The *Marguerita*, with Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel and a large party, including Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer, on board, was the first to arrive, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Witney and Mr. Howard Gould also had large parties of compatriots on board their yachts. On the *Erin* Sir Thomas Lipton seemed to have nothing but Americans, though, I believe, as a matter of fact,

Americans at the Olympic Games

there were a few partly submerged Britishers on board, and Mr. Morton Plant, on the *Venetia*, was also entertaining a number of guests. Mrs. Robert Goelet was, of course, there on the *Nahma*; Mrs. Chauncey was the guest of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam on the *Kathleen*; and the world of diplomacy was represented by Mr. and Mrs. Henry White (the latter much benefited by her residence in Rome), Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, and Mr. Craig Wadsworth from Paris. Italy, of course, was also well represented at Athens last week. The Greek capital is so near the sea, and so excellent a service of trams and trains run to and from the Piræus, that many visitors have lived aboard their yachts during the week of the games, instead of sampling the hotels of Athens itself.

Mrs. Robert Goelet

Who was among the American visitors to the Olympic Games at Athens, having gone there on her yacht *Nahma*

* * *

A Family in Mourning

The recent death of the Dowager-Duchess of Sermoneta has thrown into mourning the whole of the Howard de Walden family, the present head of which is now in Athens with Lord Desborough, representing England with the foils. The late Dowager-Duchess was a daughter of the sixth Baron Howard de Walden, and widow of Michael Angelo, Duke of Sermoneta, who died in 1882. One of her most cherished possessions was the Order of the Grand Collar of the Annunziata, a decoration which confers on the wearer the rank of Cousin to the King of Italy, whoever he may be.

* * *

"Nouveau Jeu"

Two more elderly noblemen have entered the ranks of matrimony. Both are widowers, and both have married widows. Evidently, to some people, experience teaches less than nothing! The marriage of Lord Mount Edgcumbe and Caroline Countess of Ravensworth, and also of Lord Mexborough and Mrs. Clerk, brings the number of such weddings during even the last few months up to quite a high figure.

The Earl of Mexborough, who married in Florence, is in his sixty-third year. His half-brother, the Hon. Henry Savile, is heir-presumptive

American Visitors to the Olympic Games: A yacht in a breeze off the Piræus

Many American visitors have gone to the Games by sea, living on board their yachts off the Piræus, and taking train to Athens daily

A Fine Portrait of "B.-P."

Major-General Baden-Powell

(FROM THE PAINTING BY HAROLD SPEED, NOW BEING SHOWN AT THE NEW GALLERY)

NOTICE.

Next week, with the ordinary issue, will be published an

ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT

containing reproductions of some of the most striking pictures in the new Academy.

Lundy Isle for Sale

to the earldom, while it will be remembered that his half-sister's, Lady Anne Savile's, husband—Prince Ludwig zu Löwenstein Wertheim—disappeared from mortal ken during the war in the Philippines, and to this day has not been heard of again. The Princess is now at Monte Carlo.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe has been a widower for over thirty years. His first wife, Lady Katherine Hamilton, was a daughter of the late Duke of Abercorn. Since then, his sister, Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe has kept house for him at Mount Edgcumbe on Plymouth Sound and at Cotehele in Cornwall, in the private chapel adjoining which house the marriage took place.

* * *

The Mount Edgcumbe Family

Lord Mount Edgcumbe is one of the King's oldest friends, and their friendship dates from the day on which the Prince Consort chose Lord Mount Edgcumbe, then Lord Valletort, as companion for the Prince of Wales when he was studying at the White Lodge, Richmond Park. The Earl is an exceedingly intellectual man, and his tastes——musical, literary, and artistic—are of a very high order. He has held many important posts in the Royal Household, having been A.D.C. to the late Queen, and having held successively the posts of Lord Chamberlain and Lord Steward of the Household. When the King came to the throne, he not only selected Lord Mount Edgcumbe's beautifully situated seat on Plymouth Sound as one of the first houses to which he paid a visit, but also appointed him to announce his (the King's) accession to the throne at the Courts of Italy, the Netherlands, and Belgium.

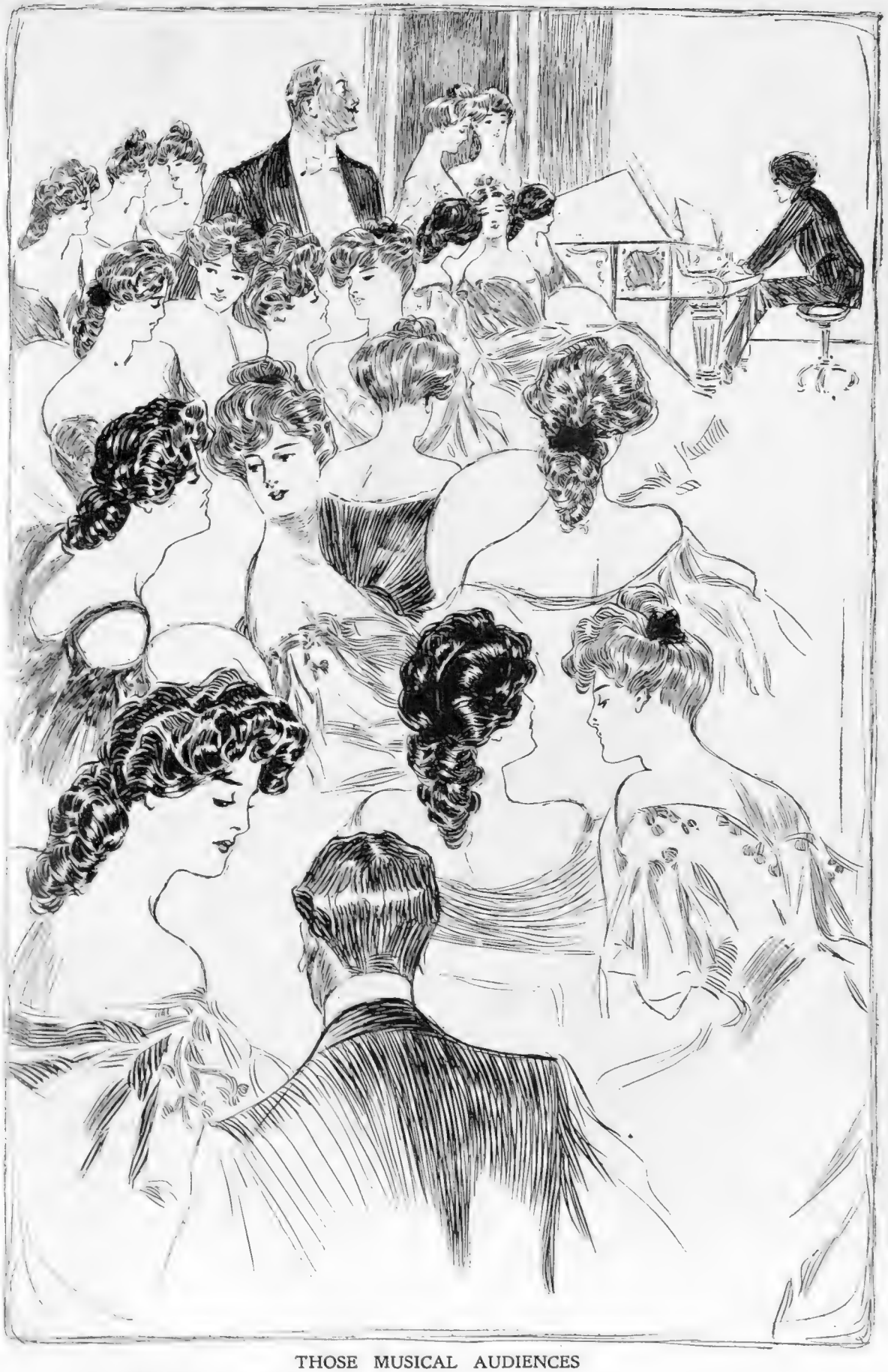
Photo *Thomson*

The late Duchess of Sermoneta (on the right)

The English wife of a famous Roman nobleman, known by courtesy as "Cousin of the King of Italy," who died recently. The Duchess was a daughter of the sixth Lord Howard de Walden. On the left is her niece, Miss Ellis

The lovely Isle of Lundy, which is up for sale

The island, which is to be sold, is in the Bristol Channel, twenty-five miles from Ilfracombe, and is three miles long by a mile wide. Lundy belongs to the Rev. Hudson G. Heaven, and has about twenty-five inhabitants, a few houses, a Trinity House station, and a church. It is wild and romantic, and splendid for shooting and butterfly catching



THOSE MUSICAL AUDIENCES

"What is he playing?"

"Oh! Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' you know"

"H-m! Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Novelties at the Opera

Photo] **Mme. Melba** *[Otto*

Who will sing at the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort's concert, on May 8, at Badminton House, and who is down to sing at Covent Garden in about the third week of the season

A Charity Concert at Badminton

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, in giving a large party and throwing open their house and grounds to visitors for a concert next Tuesday in aid of a local charity, are creating rather a precedent. In London, we are quite accustomed—almost too accustomed, for the favour is often accepted with entirely insufficient gratitude!—to the loan of great houses for the purposes of charity; indeed, so often do the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland lend Stafford House, that I am convinced many people, whose only acquaintance with it consists in their attendance at some of the charity entertainments given there, consider the house was built for that purpose. Some even claim acquaintance with its august owners on the same grounds! But it is not so often that country houses are so kindly lent for the same purpose; and the people of Gloucestershire will doubtless avail themselves in their hundreds, not only of taking tea with the Duke and Duchess and inspecting the beauties of Badminton, but also of the unwonted treat of hearing Mme. Melba sing, for I hear she has promised to do so.

The Duke and Duchess will be having a strenuous week, for on Saturday they intend going to Portishead to be present at the opening, by Princess Christian, of the Nautical School, at which the Earl of Ducie, the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, the Marquis of Bath, Sir Gerald Codrington, and Sir Henry Miles will also be present.

The Duchess of Beaufort who, as the widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyll, married the Duke just eleven years ago, is herself a native of Gloucestershire, being the daughter of Mr. W. H. Harford of that county. She has three children, two daughters and a son and heir, the little Marquess of Worcester.

* * *

The Opera and Melba

The Opera opens on Thursday next (3rd)—in the dark. That is, it opens with *Tristan*, and is followed by the four severe music-dramas which constitute Wagner's "Ring," and which, under Dr. Richter, are, of course, given in the Bayreuth condition of utter darkness. Serious people, naturally, will attend in their masses, but the real first night, socially, is the first Melba night, which will be, I believe, about the third week of the season, when the Australian *cantatrice* may be expected to be at her best. More and more, of late years, has the tendency been to hark back to Italian tradition. Wagner's terribly sombre tetralogy is, after all, a little too heavy for the London season, however noble and inspiring it may seem in the shades of autumn, or over at Munich or Bayreuth, where the atmosphere is more congenial to the contemplation of German music-philosophy.

* * *

Operatic Novelties

A new note, however, is this year to be sounded, which will attract alike the lighter and the heavier operatic devotees, in the shape of Tschaikowsky's *Eugene Onegin*, to be done for the first time at Covent Garden. The Russian master, who is so enormously popular in the concert room, with musicians and lay listeners alike, never had the smallest sympathy with Wagnerian traditions. "I always choose subjects," he wrote, "in which I have to deal with real men and women who share the same emotions as myself. That is why I cannot bear the Wagnerian subjects, in which there is so little human interest." *Eugene Onegin*, therefore, will be something quite fresh and interesting at Covent Garden, and the only wonder is that it has been so long delayed. I am very interested, also, to note that the old-time ballet is to be revived this season, with the production of *Les Deux Pigeons*. Everybody will welcome this innovation, as the opera, as a social function, was in danger of becoming dull.

BYSTANDER.

The PLAYHOUSES

Wyndham's Theatre

"THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"

It would be easy to furnish a list of dishonest pieces being played at the London theatres—farces tricked up to appear like comedies, melodramas masquerading as romantic comedies, and so forth. So we are refreshed by the honesty of purpose displayed by a little army of librettists, lyric writers, and composers, which includes Messrs. Leedham Bantock, Arthur Anderson, J. St. A. Johnson, Augustus Barratt, and Percy Greenbank. They have dubbed their production at Wyndham's Theatre a musical comedy, and musical comedy it is, of a pattern which has long been approved by playgoers. So here's to honest musical comedy with no pretensions save to entertain. *The Girl behind the Counter* commences with a good, rounding opening chorus, in which the cymbals of the orchestra make effective play against the voices from the stage. It is a case of orchestra *v.* chorus—a duel, not a duet. The galleryites, catching a phrase here and there, might haply award the palm to the singers, but if the judges were appointed from the occupants of the stalls, their verdict could only be in favour of the orchestra.

Silver casket presented to Miss Ellen Terry by the Playgoers' Club

On the lid are scenes representing the Olympian Games, while on the sides are depicted scenes showing the places of public entertainment in Athens. The presentation was made by Mr. Tree at His Majesty's Theatre on Friday, April 27

"Chorus over," as the stage manager says, and so to the happenings in the Maison Duval, the proprietor of which is a Frenchman of the approved stage fashion—a creature who moves on wires and is agitated, but never to the extent that he conceals his desperate attempts to acquire the accent of a Frenchman talking broken English. One imagines that by so much striving he would slip into the accent, if only by accident, but he never does. An old and very dear friend is M. Duval. There are other old and dear friends. The office boy played by Mr. Horace Mills upon Teddy-Paynian lines; Viscount Gushington played by Mr. Laurence Grossmith upon G. P. Huntleyian lines; and the amorous General Sir Wilkie Willoughby played by Mr. J. F. McArdle upon George Gravian lines.

Mr. J. F. McArdle appears to have gone over the MSS. of his rôle when in a merry mood. He has dropped in some "bits" and expressions which are quite funny. He holds, too, one of the strongest cards a comedian can play—an unconsciousness of the audience which is almost sublime. There is no audience for him at all. In fact, most of the time he is on the stage he keeps his eyes shut. It is when a comedian commences to establish the *entente cordiale* between himself and the audience that one longs to throw bricks at him.

Miss Isabel Jay sang in true operatic style. To drop into the vernacular, she gives the show away. When she is around, an otherwise passable singer seems to combine faulty production with all the possible faults of breathing. Again, she unconsciously produces an effect of burlesque by employing such great talents upon the tinkle-tankle of the measures allotted to her. As for her acting, she is always very affable in her manner, but has got lately into the habit of giving too much of a wrinkle to her pretty nose.

Mr. Hayden Coffin was again a tower of strength to the production. If you would know the secret of Mr. Hayden Coffin's great success, it is because, like Wentworth, he adopts the policy "thorough." His opening pioneer song is pure balderdash, but Mr. Coffin sings it as though he meant and felt every line of it. If this is not being an artist, and a great artist, I should like a better definition of the term. When people scoff at Mr. Coffin I always think they are casting a reflection upon their own intelligence and judgment.

Savoy Theatre

"THE BOND OF NINON"

Everyone wishes Miss Lena Ashwell a long and prosperous career as a manageress in the West End of London. It is pleasant, therefore, to pay honest tribute to her opening production at the Savoy. *The Bond of Ninon* is written in a delicate vein of comedy. These plays of the Louis XIV. period are so often inclined to be robust and high falutin' that the author, Miss Clo Graves, must be commended upon her light touch. She has good knowledge of stage effect. She seems to know just when the audience expects

a fillip to their interest. There are some rather dreary patches, but they are patches—not stretches. The cardinal fault of the play lies in the discretion with which the playwright has treated the principal character. We are given to understand vaguely that Ninon de l'Enclos does not pay the expenses of her own *salon*. But she is too much the good woman and too little of the courtesan. Much more point would have been given to her platonic relations with and final renunciation of the young Chevalier de Bellorme had her character been drawn with a more realistic pen. We only see one side of her nature, the good, loving, womanly side. More contrast would have given greater interest to the play. But she has a pleasant sense of humour, and dominates all the situations in which she is placed. The character, too, gives Miss Ashwell a chance of exhibiting her skill as a comedienne—a chance which she has been denied of late. Indeed, one must almost go as far back as *Wheels Within Wheels*, at the Court Theatre, to illustrate the previous good uses to which Miss Ashwell has put her sense of comedy. Mr. Ainley, too, has a rôle happily side-tracked off the line of seriousness. A stammer is an old stage device, but it is employed in the play with happy effect.

Mr. H. V. Esmond makes a picturesque Louis XIV., and gives the rôle the touch it most requires—distinction.

Royalty Theatre

"*CASTLES IN SPAIN*"

The new comic opera at the Royalty Theatre recalls the one-man musical pieces of more than a decade ago. It is of the kind which must succeed or fail, according to the talent and staying power of the star performer whom it is written to exploit. No one questions the talent of Mr. Harry Fragson. Give him a piano, and he will give forth a fine measure of entertainment. But he is not to be numbered among the comedians who are able to carry a piece upon their shoulders. And *Castles in Spain* is an unwieldy production which requires a deal of support. The book, by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is very, very long, and not very, very funny. Given time and a great deal of latitude, a first-class comedian might infuse some merriment into it, but in its present state it is undeniably dull. There is an attempt at wit and lightness, but it fails. Gabriel Honoré de Beauséjour, the principal character, is intended to be a spark of the liveliest character, a *flaneur*, a man of fashion, one to whom *le dernier cri* is the philosophy of life. Mr. Fragson wears the ultra-smart clothes of his own invention without succeeding in looking ultra-smart, and, so far from being gay and debonair, succeeds in creating the impression that he is a conscientious and painstaking sort of fellow.

The music of the piece is its strongest feature, both the new numbers by Mr. Fragson and those taken from the Spanish opera, *La Gran Via*. Miss May de Sousa sang most delightfully, with that command of the *mi-voix* which comes only of perfect training. In her acting she was less happy, and in her playing of the *ingenue* of high spirits was inclined to be hoydenish.

Mr. Ivo Dawson was the Spanish Adventurer only in the tint of his grease paint. He made a brave but not wholly successful attempt to sing that most difficult of measures—a patter song. Mr. Johnny Danvers, as the American father, supplied the best performance of the piece. He danced lightly, sang crisply with good enunciation, and supplied a general breeziness which was of great assistance to the production. Nor must the three conspirators—José, Rodrigo, and Pepito—be forgotten. They were three jovial villains of whom we would have liked to see more.

E. C. S.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Irving souvenirs on the stage

In *Markheim* at the Lyric Theatre, which is being played as a curtain-raiser to *Mauricette*, the play in which Mr. H. B. Irving appears, is taken from Robert Louis Stevenson's famous story. The scene represents a curiosity shop, and it is in this connection that the Irving souvenirs are employed as accessories. The principal relics recognised in the photograph are the sideboard from which Corporal Gregory Brewster's breakfast was brought in *Waterloo*, the oak Jacobean chest taken from Sir Henry Irving's rooms in Grafton Street and used in *Charles I.*, and the great iron chest used in *Louis XI.* In this scene are employed a host of other rarities and *objets de vertu* from the famous collection

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

"The Bond of Ninon" at the Savoy Theatre

Miss Lena Ashwell *(Ninon)* — **Mr. H. V. Esmond** *(Louis XIV.)*

NINON: "Try granting her a pension, sir"

Louis is pestered with the petitions of Mme. Scarron, widow of the poet. The widow bows like a jack-in-the-box, and wearies his Majesty. So Ninon suggests that the best way to get rid of the lady is to grant her petition for a pension

Mr. Henry Ainley *(Bellorme)* — **Miss Lena Ashwell** *(Ninon)* — **Miss Beatrice Terry** *(Hélène)* — **Mr. Frank Tyars** *(M. de Bellorme)*

The Last Scene of the Play: Ninon restores her friend Bellorme to his fiancée, Hélène

"The Bond of Ninon" at the Savoy

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

NINON (*Miss Lena Ashwell*) to BELLORME (*Mr. Henry Ainley*): "Read in a light, easy, narrative tone, and mind your pauses"

The Chevalier de Bellorme is afflicted with a stammer. The fascinating Ninon de l'Enclos gently rallies him upon the affliction, hence her directions for the reading

The Connoisseur

OLD ENGLISH SILVER

Most branches of connoisseurship are agreeable and liberal arts, but the collecting of Old English silver is an exact science, suitable to the methodical rather than to the æsthetic, to the precise rather than to the romantic. In ancient gems, in ceramics, in kinds of antique furniture, there are uncertainties, and a thousand points on which to hang a doubt, but as regards Old English silver there are uncommonly few pieces that do not bear the fullest marks of time and place to tell the student their plain tale. There were, no doubt, certain periods in our rough island story when it was dangerous, as in Stuart times, to have one's silver marked at the Hall, but such pieces are so rare as to be almost a negligible quantity. And then there are those subtle frauds in which a genuine mark often taken from a valueless piece of a good period and insinuated in an artful way upon some large salver or tureen or massive bowl that, with this slight addition, will fetch an enormous price. Such "fakes" can be detected sometimes by the different colour of the silver employed, or by some trifling sign of the join at the point where the old mark is superimposed upon the new piece. The position in which the mark is placed in regard to the general character and size of the piece is also of importance; the way in which the marks themselves are placed on various sorts of objects should also be borne in mind. When the silver "fakir," as we will call him, sets out to produce a fine Georgian tray of, say, 1720, and has only the mark taken from a broken spoon for the purpose, he is apt to forget that the marks of the spoon are not of a proportionate size to the dimensions of the tray, and that the original marks on the piece he is dealing with would have been placed in an entirely different fashion to those on a spoon. Consideration of such tiny points and experience in handling old silver are useful guides, but with such a work at hand as the ninth edition of the well-known "Old English Plate" (John Murray), which deals so fully with ecclesiastical, decorative, and domestic silver and its marks and makers, there can be few opportunities of mistake. E. M.

The Goodriche Cup (1573) at the British Museum

Salver (1595) and Ewer (1617) in the possession of His Majesty the King at Windsor Castle

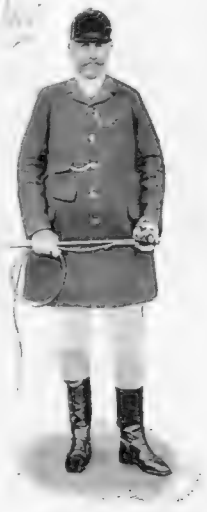
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

The Duke of Beaufort's Great Sporting Centre.

BADMINTON.

The hunting season of 1905-6 has come and gone, and once again the Duke of Beaufort's hounds head the list, as regards accounting for foxes. The number which they kill, season after season, is quite extraordinary, making the results obtained by other packs look quite insignificant in comparison. But when it is remembered that the Duke keeps three packs of hounds at Badminton, and hunts every day in the week, over a country abounding with foxes, it is only natural his pack should head the list. Then, too, the farmers and landowners in the Duke's country are all keen hunting men, and strict preservers of foxes. Badminton, where a great house-party will congregate next Tuesday to hear Madame Melba sing in aid of charity, is in Gloucestershire. The little village is picturesque, with its small street of houses clustering around the grounds of the Duke's house. The house itself faces North, and stands on the extreme southern edge of a large park, some ten miles in circumference. In shape the house forms three sides of a square, and is built of stone in the Palladian style. On the East and West divisions or wings, octangular turrets, with cupolas, surmounted by vanes, rise. The manor was purchased in 1608 from Nicholas Boteler by Thomas Viscount Somerset, third son of the Earl of Worcester. This nobleman was despatched by the Privy Council on the demise of Queen Elizabeth to inform King James that he had been proclaimed as her successor. His only child and heiress, dying unmarried, gave Badminton to Henry, first Duke of Beaufort, who erected, in 1682, the present house on the site of the old manor house. On the south side of the East Wing is the Parish Church, and in the little green surrounding it is the resting-place of the late much-beloved Duke. The staircase hall, as well as the smoking-room and Duke's room and small sitting-rooms, are all full of valuable pictures, sporting and otherwise, and these pictures are the feature of the house. There are also many treasures and exquisite miniatures, but one interesting object is the shirt—or rather one of the two shirts—worn by Charles I. at his execution. It being a cold morning on the fateful day, the unhappy king, thinking the chilly air might cause him to shiver, and thus give the impression that he felt fear, donned an extra shirt. This, together with the handkerchief he held, are carefully preserved. The Duchess is devoted to hunting, as are also her children, and little Lord Worcester promises to follow in his father's footsteps as a lover of everything that is manly and best in sport.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.



The Duke of Beaufort
Master of the famous Badminton Hunt

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

Lady Diana Somerset The Stud Groom Lady Blanche Somerset The Duchess of Beaufort The Marquis of Worcester

The Duchess of Beaufort and her children ready to go hunting

Photo

BADMINTON, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, AND THE H

This photograph shows a fine view of the South front and ch

HEADQUARTERS OF ENGLAND'S PREMIER PACK OF FOXHOUNDS

Leonard Willoughby

tower. For a description of Badminton, see preceding page

Badminton: The Duke of Beaufort's Seat

(*See preceding pages*)

The drawing-room

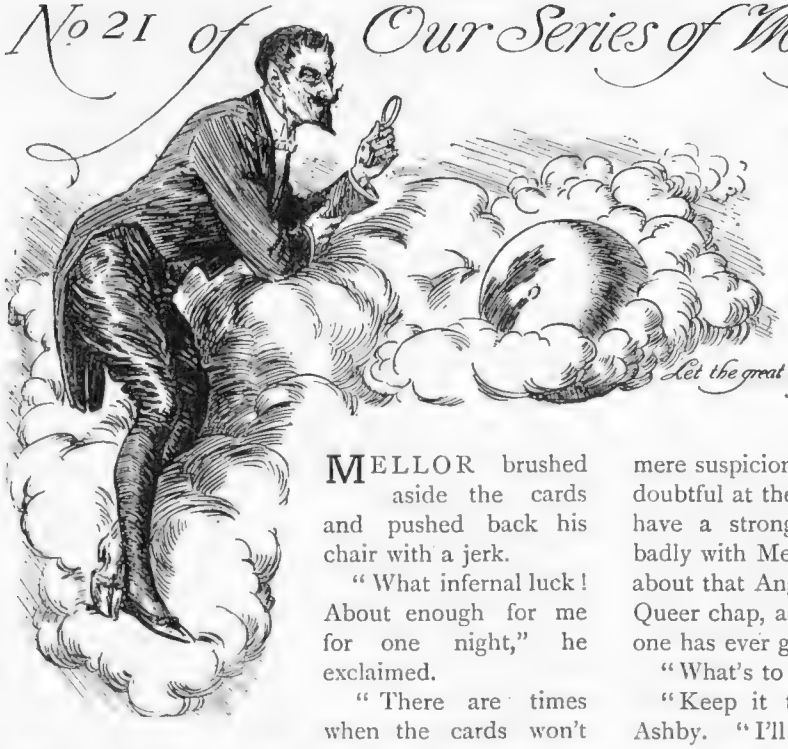
The walls are hung in green silk, and the ceiling is decorated in white and gilt. In this room are two beautiful crystal chandeliers, and a fine collection of family portraits

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The Duke of Beaufort's private room

On the left is a picture of the late Duke of Beaufort and the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort on horseback; on the right is seen Lord Raglan, in uniform. A picture of the present Duchess of Beaufort, when Baroness de Tuyll, is seen by the door

No 21 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



"The Survival of the Fittest"

By GEORGE M. EDWARDES

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

MELLOR brushed aside the cards and pushed back his chair with a jerk.

"What infernal luck! About enough for me for one night," he exclaimed.

"There are times when the cards won't come to one—not if one sits it out till the milk comes round," said Ashby, as he slipped a handful of gold into his pocket.

Mellor shrugged his shoulders. "Cards? There are times when nothing on God's earth comes right!"

The others caught the bitter tone, and wondered.

Mellor took out his fountain pen and cheque book and filled in and signed a couple of cheques for large amounts. He pushed these across the table to Ashby and Hayes, and with a curt good-night, walked out of the card-room.

"Queer fellow, Mellor," remarked Ashby. He glanced at his cheque, carefully folded it, and placed it in his pocket.

"I'm sorry for him—he is a decent enough chap—but no head for finance—utterly unfitted for company promoting," said Hayes, irrelevantly, as he puffed at a freshly lighted cigar.

A quiet-looking man named Denniford dabbed nervously with the end of his cigarette in the ash-tray before him.

"I don't know whether I should say anything about it—perhaps I ought to have spoken at the time." Denniford hesitated for a moment, and then went on—"It seemed to me—it's a hateful word to use in connection with a fellow-member—but I believe Mellor cheated once to-night."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Hayes.

Ashby leaned forward across the table. "When was it? What did he—what did he seem to do?" he asked with a frown.

"He appeared to me to manipulate the ace of diamonds the last hand but one. Am I wrong in speaking from mere suspicion?"

Ashby straightened himself in his chair. "I, for one, am glad that you spoke, Denniford," he said firmly, "for I'm afraid it's a question of more than mere suspicion. I saw what you saw. I was a bit doubtful at the time, but you confirm my belief. I have a strong idea that things have been going badly with Mellor of late. There's a whisper abroad about that Anglo-Canadian Produce Company of his. Queer chap, as I remarked before. Seems to me no one has ever got to the bottom of him."

"What's to be done?" asked Hayes.

"Keep it to ourselves for the present," advised Ashby. "I'll see him before any steps are taken. He'll have to resign, of course, if this is brought home to him."

Meanwhile, Mellor had left the club and was walking slowly down Piccadilly. The night was warm, and he carried his light covert coat over his arm. From the centre of an expanse of white shirt-front a diamond solitaire sparkled defiantly at the winking lamps. That and his gold watch and chain just about represented Mellor's capital. His pet scheme, The Anglo-Canadian Produce Company—one of the biggest frauds ever foisted on an imbecile public—had failed. Mellor was ruined. It was the great scheme which was to have put him on an equal footing, financially speaking, with London's richest. Incidentally it would have meant the work-house for a few hundred. But it was to have "made" the company-promoter, and nothing else mattered so far as he was concerned. Scruples had never been a factor in the ordering of Mellor's life. Otherwise he would not that night have put his name to what he well knew were two worthless pieces of paper. But the end of all things had come for Mellor, and so, what were a couple of dishonoured cheques, more or less? Before they could be presented he would be beyond the ken of man.

Hayes was right when he had remarked that Mellor had no head for finance. Had he possessed great capacity in that direction, that fact coupled with his unscrupulousness would have made him entirely successful as a company-promoter, and the revolver which had lain in a locked drawer in his Bruton Street rooms for the past week might have remained undisturbed for all time.

Having reached his rooms he carefully examined this weapon and slipped in a couple of cartridges. Then he put it in his pocket and stepped into the street again. Mellor had rented the chambers

Next week will be published "The Fairy Poodle," by LEONARD MERRICK

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furnished from a man who had gone into Central Africa after big game, and he reflected with a touch of grim humour (for he was not a bad sort) that it would be too bad to make a mess of another fellow's Turkey carpet. Besides that, he had a desire to see the streets once more; to hear for the last time the subdued night roar of London, and there was always the chance that he might alight on some stroke of luck.

It was close on the stroke of midnight when Mellor turned into Berkeley Square and strolled once more in the direction of Piccadilly. A lighted side window in an otherwise dark house caught his attention. It was Ashby's house, and the window was that of the owner's study. A man's shadow was thrown for an instant on to the blind, and Mellor stopped in his walk. He knew Ashby's habits—knew that he rarely left that particular club before half-past one, and, besides, he had left him at the card-table. Moreover, Ashby was of slender build, so were Ashby's valet and butler, and the shadow on the blind was that of a man of burly proportions.

"What does it matter? What does anything matter?" reflected Mellor as he moved on. But he turned back, glanced up and down the deserted square, and then walked cautiously round to the side of the house. There was a narrow strip of brighter light at the bottom of the window where the blind had not been pulled quite down. He crept up to the window and peered in. A man was bending over a table by the side of an open safe. On the table was a tray of uncut diamonds. And the man's dress and appearance showed him to be a collector of jewels—other people's.

Mellor's first thoughts were of police. He backed stealthily from the window, and ran quickly down the square. Suddenly he stopped, hesitated for an instant, looked at his watch, laughed softly to himself, and finally hurried back to the house. He groped his way quietly round to the rear, where a conservatory stretched along half the width of the house. The door was unfastened—the lock had been picked—and Mellor moved towards another door, which he knew would admit him to the drawing-room. As he expected, this door also offered no bar to his progress. The lock had evidently not succumbed to the persuasions of the burglar's implements, for it was sawn bodily out. When he had found his way to Ashby's study he opened the door with a swift and almost noiseless movement, and the next instant his hand went to his hip pocket.

"Good evening—or, rather, good morning," he said suavely.

The burglar had his back turned towards the door, and he spun round on his heel, dropping a heavy gem with a tinkle on to the table.

"Trapped, by Gawd!" he muttered.

"Looks remarkably like it, my friend, doesn't it?" Mellor was toying carelessly with his revolver, but on a movement of the other's right hand, he swung the gleaming barrel up on a level with the man's head.

"Ah, you've got one, too," he said blandly. "Be good enough to pass it over—keeping the business end towards yourself."

The man glanced swiftly to right and to left, but his eyes came back again to the shining object before him.

"Quick! No tricks!" exclaimed Mellor sharply.

The other reluctantly drew a heavy revolver from his pocket, holding it out butt foremost.

"Thanks—that's sensible," Mellor said as he dropped the weapon into the tail pocket of his dress coat.

"Who are yer? Yer ain't Ashby, as owns this 'ouse," growled the burglar.

Mellor stroked his neatly trimmed beard. "I don't imagine my identity is a matter of vital importance to you. The fact that I am a friend of Mr. Ashby's, and have caught a ruffian in the act of attempting to relieve that gentleman of personal belongings of considerable value is a matter which I would commend to your notice in the meantime."

"Don't jor me in that 'igh falutin' style! By Gawd, if yer 'adn't a shooter I'd bash yer so's yer friend Ashby'd never reconise yer features!"

"My dear sir, don't raise your voice, unless you wish to rouse the servants."

A cunning gleam shot into the burglar's eyes.

"So *you* don't want the servants roused, neither, eh?"

"No occasion to do so, I assure you. I rather fancy I am quite capable of managing you single-handed," replied Mellor calmly.

"What yer goin' to do wiv me?"

"I'll show you—my arm's getting tired." Mellor nodded to the far corner of the room. "Stand over there—face to the wall."

The burglar did as he was bid, and Mellor moved to the table, which he cleared of the valuables. "Now, here." He nodded to the table. "Down on your back." And the other, convinced that resistance was useless, obeyed.

"Arms straight out over your head. That's right. Not a move, now."

Then the company-promoter took out his penknife and proceeded to cut several long strips from the heavy tapestry *portière* curtain. With these he bound the recumbent burglar—an ankle to each of the legs at one end of the table, and a wrist to each of the others. This done, he cut a wider strip and made it into a tight roll, which proved an effective gag. Mellor performed these operations expeditiously. Ashby might return to Berkeley Square earlier than was customary with him, and such a contingency was not to be considered with equanimity.

"I can imagine his facial expression should he appear at the door this moment," mused Mellor. "It would, no doubt, form an interesting study; but one that, in view of my connection with this business, I've no desire to feast my eyes upon. Though I should not be stuck for a plausible explanation of my part in the transaction," he reflected as he moved quickly round the table, and tested the knots which bound the spread-eagled burglar.

"There, my friend, you are nice and comfortable, and now I propose to depart with what I believe in your profession is termed the 'swag.' You cannot move hand or foot; you cannot utter a sound; and so you will in all probability remain until the household arises for the day's duties. For I shall switch off the light before leaving, so that on Mr. Ashby's return his attention will not be directed to this room. The chances are ten to one against his coming here

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At the Aldwych Theatre

Photo — *Johnston and Hoffman*

Miss Gladys Carrington in "The Beauty of Bath"

Miss Gladys Carrington is the sister of Lady de Clifford (*née* Eva Carrington), whose marriage, it will be recollected, took place a few months since

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before retiring to rest, and I shall thus have several hours' start, of which you may feel assured I shall make good use."

. . . . .

Mellor resumed his walk in the direction of Piccadilly. The advancing night was growing cooler, and he was a firm believer in fresh air as a thought-collecting agency.

Ashby, who was a dealer in diamonds, had spent some years in Johannesburg and Kimberley at the time when those places were veritable sinks of human depravity, and Mellor reflected that a man who had come in contact with every degree of rascality, where thieves, swindlers, liars, and honest men fought side by side in the struggle for wealth, ought to have seen enough of the frailty of mankind not to keep in his house uncut gems to the value of thousands of pounds.

When Mellor had proceeded a couple of hundred yards further, he ran into the arms of the very man who was at that moment in his thoughts. Ashby for once in a while had left the club earlier than usual. The latter would have passed on with a nod, for he had no desire for further intercourse with the company-promoter until he had given due consideration to the card incident. It was not a matter to be taken up off-hand, for, though the evidence of his own eyes had been corroborated by Denniford, he felt bound to face the question of the affair having been a mere slip on the part of Mellor. There was a bare possibility of this being the case, and one does not lightly undertake the responsibility of bringing home to a fellow club-member a charge of cheating at cards. But a dare-devil feeling suddenly possessed Mellor. The idea of having a talk with the man whom he had just relieved of a lot of valuable diamonds tickled his fancy. He turned on his heel and walked down the street side by side with his victim. A miserable woman came whining to them from out of the shadows, and Mellor flung her a coin.

"Bang goes the last half-crown I can call my own," said Mellor, with a laugh, "but, poor devil, I daresay she can do more with it than I could."

"You speak figuratively, of course," said Ashby, gravely.

"No. Literally."

Ashby stopped dead beneath a glaring arc light and looked hard at Mellor. "I'm sorry to hear you say that, Mellor—deuced sorry. I confess I had a suspicion that things were none too rosy with you of late. But you're surely not serious—you're not absolutely 'broke'?"

"Absolutely," replied Mellor, calmly, as he cut the tip off a fresh cigar.

"But have you no plans—no irons in the fire?"

"Irons in the fire? Yes, but the fire's out. Plans? Beg, borrow, break stones, or—steal."

"You take it pretty comfortably."

Mellor shrugged his shoulders. "To-morrow is another day, as the Spaniards say. What's the use of tearing one's hair? It's an up-and-down world. I'm a pauper to-day; to-morrow I may be worth thousands. *Quién Sabe?*" He threw back his head and sent three delicate blue rings into the air.

"But, seriously, what do you propose doing?"

"God knows. These are the times of the survival of the fittest. The weak are the prey of the strong. The gulls must go to the wall before the cunning ones. Humble honesty is swamped by grasping dishonesty. The weak, the gullible, the honest, go under. The strong, the cunning, the dishonest, come out on top. Am I weak? Am I gullible? Am I honest?"

Ashby was held by the other's strange manner.

"The first two adjectives are certainly not applicable," he confessed. "Honest? Well, every man is honest till he's proved dishonest."

"Some men would take offence at the latter remark. The doubt implied approaches a verdict of guilty."

Ashby raised his hand with a gesture of deprecation.

"Oh, I'm not offended," laughed Mellor. "People prate of the innate honesty of mankind. Bah! Who is honest nowadays? Isn't there a considerable quantum of truth in the saying that 'Every man has his price'? Those who are far beyond the reach of want retain their integrity in the face of a temptation which would prove the undoing of their poorer brethren. But, make the temptation big enough for the former, and, given the opportunity to make the scoop without detection, how many would resist? Haven't we all a sneaking fear of the sin of being found out? And another point. Suppose there's nothing but theft between a man and the end of all things so far as he is concerned. Is he to steal, or is he to cut his throat?"

"You spoke of the survival of the fittest a moment or two ago. But I should say, let him do away with himself, by all means, if there's no other alternative but felony."

"I'm afraid I disagree. But why should we be discussing ethics of morality in the early hours of the morning? Good-night. Hope you'll sleep well."

. . . . .

Contrary to Mellor's expectations, Ashby, on his arrival at Berkeley Square, did visit the scene of depredation. He could not expel from his mind the extraordinary talk of the company-promoter, and he turned towards his own room, intending to smoke a final cigar over the interesting subject. As he neared the study he heard peculiar sounds proceeding apparently from inside the room. Mellor's friend had many times endured the bone-racking discomforts of a prison bed, but he looked back on those experiences as positive luxury in comparison with the torture he was now suffering. His first idea had been to lie quiet, trusting that Ashby would, as Mellor predicted, go straight to his bedroom. He would thus have an opportunity of attempting to square the servant who should discover him in the morning. But by the time the diamond dealer's footsteps sounded in the hall the burglar's jaws were aching with excruciating pain, and his body felt as if it had been stretched on the rack. He determined to try and make some sort of sound to attract the householder's attention, preferring immediate imprisonment to a night of agony with the off-chance of freedom from the clutches of the law.

The only vocal noise a gagged man is capable of can hardly be described, but, such as it was, the burglar's effort was loud enough to catch Ashby's ear, and, without pausing to think of possible danger,

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At the Vaudeville Theatre

Photo *The London Stereoscopic Company*

Miss Ruby Ray

As Lady Rosilene in *The Belle of Mayfair*

(Continued from page 236)

the dealer in diamonds flung open the study door, switched on the electric light, and beheld his midnight visitor spread-eagled on the table.

A constable and the sergeant of the beat who happened to be near at hand at the moment, heard Ashby's whistle, and were quickly upon the scene.

"Oh, oh, this *is* a fair cop, sir!" exclaimed the sergeant as he removed the gag. "His big mouth was stretched so much I didn't recognise him at first. Now, I see he's an old hand we've been waiting for for long enough. Cut those knots, Judson. You've made a proper job of it, sir, and single-handed too," he added with admiration.

"The ruffian's just as I found him. There's been someone else in this game," replied Ashby. He turned to the open safe. "Cleaned out close on twenty thousand pounds worth of diamonds!"

"Gorblimey! but this is a fair treat, this is! 'Is own pal bunked wiv the sparklers," chuckled the burglar.

"What the deuce d'you mean?" demanded Ashby.

"Wait a moment, sir." The sergeant ran his hands deftly through the house-breaker's clothes. "They're not here, anyhow," he added presently.

"Course they ain't there. Didn't I tell yer 'is bosom pal hoofed it wiv 'em. Think I tied meself up just by way of a little amoosement? S'help me Gawd, 'e said he was 'is friend, an——"

The sergeant held up his hand. "That'll do. You're too old a lag to need the customary caution. Keep what you've got to say till the proper time and place. Four-wheeler, Judson." He turned to Ashby. "Some of his own kidney's disturbed him in the middle of operations—that's my opinion—and fixed him up and walked off with the stones. Doesn't want to give him away. Wants him to get clear so's he can demand share of the swag when he's done his term. But we'll land the other chap yet, sir, never fear. Come on. Good-night, sir."

His conversation with Mellor flashed through Ashby's mind. Could it be possible that Mellor was really at the bottom of the business? No, the idea was too preposterous. The policeman's explanation would, no doubt, prove to be the true solution of the case. He dismissed Mellor from his thoughts and retired for the night.

Nevertheless, while glancing over the list of foreign sailings at breakfast next morning his suspicion of Mellor again obtruded itself, but only to be once more put on one side.

"I'll leave it to the police, who are *always* right," he decided, as he helped himself to a second egg.

. . . .

The clean-shaven man touched the bell-push. "Two glasses from the pink label, steward—Apollinaris, too. Try one of these weeds, Mr.—Harvey, I think you said? I don't want to boast of my own cigars, but I must say they're as decent a smoke as any reasonably fastidious man could wish to have between his teeth. You were speaking of the Hampshire Blewitts."

"Yes, I was wondering if you were any relation of Jimmy Blewitt. He and I were at Oxford together," replied the other passenger.

Blewitt slowly shook his head. "No, no connection of the Hampshire crowd. All our lot came from the other end of the country—Northumberland."

"By the way, Jimmy Blewitt is a cousin of the man we were talking about a minute since—Ashby, of Hatton Garden. It was a rummy affair. Pretty cute of the burglar chap to try and put the thing on to a friend of Ashby's so as to switch the police off the track of the bounder who did him out of the deal. Wanted, I suppose, to let him remain at large, so that he could come down on him when he got out of gaol and make the beggar disgorge."

Blewitt puffed a thick cloud across the *Severn's* smoke-room. "Yes, that was the police's reading of the business. They imagine they know everything."

"Surely you don't think it isn't the correct one?"

"Oh, I don't know. The burglar was probably telling the truth."

"But, hang it all, a man doesn't rob his own friend!"

Blewitt shrugged his shoulders. "There's a lot of cant about the innate honesty of mankind. How many men are really honest nowadays? Make the temptation big enough, and how many will hold out against making a scoop, providing they've a good chance of getting off without detection? The sin of being found out is one that troubles most of us. It's a mighty queer world. This is the age of the survival of the fittest, or, to paraphrase it—the survival of the greatest rogue. The honest are swamped by the dishonest; the weak by the strong; the gullible by the cunning."

"What a beastly cynic!"

"Fill up your glass," said Blewitt. "Here's a toast—'To the survival of the fittest.'"

GEORGE M. EDWARDES.

"LOVE"

[*Lady Troubridge, writing in the "Daily Mail," is responsible for the statement that Love, up to a certain point, is capable of being taught, just like arithmetic.*]

I assert with permissible pride,
I can multiply, add, and divide,
  I find great attractions
  In decimal fractions,
And compound subtraction I've tried;
And I've learnt in a way I shall never forget
The number of beans that comprise a quintette!

Now they say that the science of Love
Can be taught as they teach the above,
  That by means mathematic
  Instead of ecstatic
A pigeon may change to a dove!
That a maiden from whom you would cheerfully part
May become, by tuition, the girl of your heart!

This explains in a manner complete
Why a girl whom you happen to meet
  Takes you quite by surprise,
  And seems fair in your eyes,
When it's merely her *figure* that's neat.
If the "figure" in question was left her by will,
The attraction would seem more explicable still.

TRISTRAM CRUTCHLEY.

To Sing Before the Randlords

Photo *Chalkley Gould Co.*

Miss Ada Reeve and her husband, Mr. Wilfrid Cotton, on the s.s. "Kenilworth," bound for South Africa

Miss Reeve will open her season at the Empire, Johannesburg, on May 14, and will remain there for six weeks, under engagement with Messrs. Hyman. She will appear only at their two theatres, the Empire, Johannesburg, and the Tivoli, Capetown, remaining at the latter house for three weeks, at a fee of £5,000

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Coming Election

If going to Rome and overlooking the Pope is reckoned to be absurd, it is just as absurd to live in Paris and ignore the campaign started in view of the coming elections. Everybody appears to take part in it. Men, who hitherto kept clear of politics, have suddenly felt a desire to become law-givers, and have entered the arena, where many of them cut a rather queer figure. It is not everybody who can stand the fire of a French electioneering campaign. What frightens the newcomers especially is the terrific abuse with which their opponents greet them. Abuse seems to be the principal argument, and the man who can, for the space of half an hour, hurl ugly words at the other candidate without once repeating himself, stands a capital chance. As to the names of the candidates, they are a study in themselves, and show the curious evolution humanity is undergoing. Thus, in the aristocratic district that borders on the Bois de Boulogne, we see one flaring poster bearing the name of Lucien Millevoye, and the other, in larger type, that of Comte Mathieu de Noailles; and the guileless stranger—of whom we had many during the Easter week—no doubt thinks that the gentleman with the plebeian name is a Republican or a Socialist, whilst his noble competitor is a staunch Royalist. If that is his impression, the stranger has made a mistake. Lucien Millevoye is not a Republican, nor is he a Royalist; he is a Nationalist, *i.e.* a man opposed to the existing order of things, who, in his wonderful paper, *La Patrie*, denounces perfidious Albion as if we lived in the good old days of Waterloo.

Penny Postage in France

The boon of penny postage for letters, enjoyed by Britain for over sixty years, has only last week come into vogue in France, where, for the first time, a ten-centime red stamp has been issued in place of the old one of fifteen centimes for home postage

Bad coins for the poor Paris tourist

One of the favourite dodges of the dishonest tradesman in Paris (and in Brussels, too) is to palm off on the innocent foreigner obsolete coins. Of these, some of the most notable are those above:—(1) Coins of Victor Emanuel II. as King of Sardinia; (2) Swiss francs (with the figure seated); (3) French francs, with the head of Napoleon III. uncrowned. It is the Parisian custom to save up these coins annually until Easter, when they are palmed off on British tourists

* * *

Some Prominent Electioneerers

The world has progressed, but M. Lucien Millevoye's ideas, and those of his party, still date from 1815. Comte Mathieu de Noailles, on the other hand, is a newcomer. He is only thirty-three, belongs to one of the old French aristocratic families, is a Republican, and a supporter of the present régime. He is the nephew of the former French Ambassador in Berlin, and his wife, the Comtesse de Noailles, is a charming woman who has written and published some delightful novels and verses. The French ladies, too, have become election-mad, and, eager to emulate their English sisters, also take an active part in the strife. Unfortunately, they are at times somewhat too active, as M. Vigné d'Octon, member for the Hérault department, found to his cost. As he was entering the station at Lodève, an elegantly dressed woman walked up to him and boxed his ears. She was Mme. Pelisse, wife of the opposing candidate, and had selected this method of expressing her disapproval of M. d'Octon's political opinions. What was M. d'Octon to do? In France, when a lady hits a man he is supposed to retaliate by giving her a kiss. But this is an unwritten law; and it is improbable that Mme. Pelisse's victim took advantage of it. Most likely he added the blow to the long list of names—comprising those of every animal in Noah's Ark—which, by this time, have, no doubt, already been bestowed upon him. Among the list of candidates are also Tristan Bernard, the well-known playwright, and Abel Deval, manager of the Théâtre de l'Athénée, where several of the before-mentioned dramatist's works were produced. It is a pity they do not oppose one another in the same district. Chance, apparently, is lacking in humour.

* * *

The J.P. and His Mother

Brutus, we are told, condemned his own sons to death, and attended their execution, a feat that has gone down to posterity. Will M. Mas's exploit also be recorded in history? It deserves to be. M. Mas, the modern Brutus, is a Justice of the Peace in Servion, near Béziers, and before his tribunal were arraigned several noble dames, among them Mme. de Lamargé, daughter of Baron de Rascas, for having resisted the authorities in the execution of their duty when they came to make an inventory of the church in that locality. M. Mas looked sternly at the delinquents, but before he could utter a word, a lady at the back of the Court upbraided him for judging people who, according to her, had performed a sacred duty. "If you open your lips again," said M. Mas, "I shall commit you for three days for contempt of Court." M. Mas waited to see whether the lady would "open her lips," but she remained silent. She was his mother.

A Woman's Club for Paris

English women will be deeply interested to hear that the Lyceum Club has opened a branch in Paris, in the Rue Vaugirard, facing the Petit Luxembourg. In how far this will interest French women remains to be seen. The Paris establishment is under the management of an English lady, and thus far they have received some thirty adherents. But will a ladies' club appeal to the French? *Voilà la question.* A few nights ago I heard the matter discussed, when an American lady, strong on woman's rights, declared that the time had come for French women to show an independent spirit and stand together, "like men." And then a charming actress of the Comédiè Française shook her head, and said: "I know little of American women, but I understand those of my own country. Frankly, the word 'independence' makes us all smile. Ever since Eve made Adam take a bite out of the apple, without asking him whether he wanted it, we have always had it pretty well our own way—so far as the men are concerned. I think there are still many laws to be framed to improve the legal position of women; laws relating to divorce, to property, etc. But will it advance things if women sit in a house by themselves, smoke cigarettes, and talk scandal? We, in France, prefer men's society to that of women's; possibly, because our men, not being so much engaged in business, have had time to cultivate their minds, so that from their conversation more good can be gathered than from that of our own sex."

France and Her Dethroned Monarchs

Unlike the Yankee, of whom his mother said: "That even when drunk he was always polite to a stranger," France does not show sufficient courtesy to the monarchs she has dethroned. When Ranavalo, the dusky Queen, arrived in Paris, less homage was paid to her than to the market-queens from Italy and Spain, although the only thrones on which these ladies had sat were orange cases and fruit baskets. And now we have among us Behanzin, the ex-King of Dahomey; and on his arrival in Marseilles the authorities had the delicate attention of taking him to the Dahomey section in the Exhibition in the Palais de l'Afrique. Suddenly Behanzin stopped, and, pointing to a carved stick in a glass case, said: "Mine, mine!" He came with his wife and son; the latter, Prince Odonino, having been educated in a French college, wears European dress. His Majesty the King smokes pipes with strong tobacco that makes everybody around him cough; Her Majesty smokes long cigars, the Royal Prince smokes cigarettes, and the ladies-in-waiting chew tobacco. The Royal Family wear sandals; the others, especially the women, strut about with naked feet. The idea was entertained to show Paris to Behanzin, but it has been abandoned. Besides, the old monarch does not want to see any more shows. The one in Marseilles, where he recognised his own property, was enough for him.

Corfu: Pearl of the Ionian Islands, visited by the King and Queen

That Corfu, which was lately visited by the King and Queen, is a beauty spot, is self-evident from the above photograph of the principal town. The Ionian Islands used to belong to Great Britain, but were given up by a Gladstone Government to Greece. The surface of the island is covered with luxuriant groves of olive, cypress, and ilex, and the town of Corfu has about 30,000 inhabitants

The recent great assembly of natives ("The Pitso") in Basutoland, which was attended by Lord Selborne

A body of two thousand natives accompanying Lord Selborne, Governor of the Transvaal, from Maseru Station to the town. This photograph gives a fine idea of the rolling veldt

Three Famous Houses with a Story

Among the notable houses of the world, the three shown on this page have recently attained a notoriety—from widely different causes. The first, Bernstorff Castle, near Copenhagen, is the birthplace of Queen Alexandra, and it is said that Her Majesty is in negotiation with the King of Denmark, her brother, to purchase it. Mr. "Millionaire" Crocker's house in San Francisco, the second of our pictures, was destroyed by the recent "quake-fire," and its contents, including a fine art collection, with five Corots, and several famous Millets' (among them "The Man with the Hoe"), went with it. Lastly, there is the Christianborg Palace, in Copenhagen, the fine, dignified building on the quay of the Danish Capital, which was recently gutted by fire—note its flameless windows. It has now been decided to rebuild it, and to employ it as a Royal Palace and House of Parliament.

(1)
Bernstorff Palace, near Copenhagen
The birthplace of Queen Alexandra, which, it is said, Her Majesty is desirous of purchasing from the King of Denmark

(2)
Mr. Chas. Crocker's splendid house in San Francisco
Which was destroyed by the earthquake

(3)
The Castle of Christianborg, Copenhagen
Recently partly destroyed by fire, which is to be rebuilt and used as a Royal Palace and Parliament House

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Sport and Travel in Abyssinia." By Lord Hindlip. (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.*)
"The Governance of England.' By Sidney Low. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"In Youth." By Ennis Richmond. (Rivers: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Religion in the Schools." By H. Hensley Henson (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Fiction

"Richard Baldock." By Archibald Marshall. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"Love with Variations." By Alice M. Diehl. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Tracks in the Snow.' By G. R. Benson. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

The Serial Between Boards

Rare, indeed, nowadays, is the novelist who dare face the suspicion of dulness by beginning his story at the beginning, ending it at the end, and making the middle of it happen about half-way through. The young person who "sees to" the serial department of the popular paper, through which nine modern novels out of ten pass ere being put between boards and priced at six shillings, will not have it. To please him the serial must open with a situation that smacks you. There must be no pause in the reader's palpitations until, at the earliest, Chapter III., when a few paragraphs may be permitted to explain who everybody is, how, where, and why they came to be. After that, all that is expected is that the author will dodder on, be as sensational as he decently can, until such time as the young person thinks he is getting dreary; then, on receipt of a sixpenny wire, he kills off all his nuisances, marries up his favourites, and closes down to make way for the next driveller. The author who dare eschew such methods, who, to sell his serial rights, does not also sell his immortal soul, deserves wreaths on his tomb when he shall have died the youthful death of those whom the gods love.

Mr. Archibald Marshall

Who, in "Richard Baldock," harks back to the Anthony Trollope manner with considerable success

(From a sketch by Dion Clayton Calthrop)

A Twentieth-Century Trollope

Of these few worthy souls is Mr. Archibald Marshall. He has dared to begin *Richard Baldock* (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*) with the birth of his hero—an act of terrific courage in these days when it is not really good form in a fiction hero to be born—at any rate, noticeably. And he has dared to have him born in a country rectory, the son of a rector of awful rectitude. With notable courage, he proceeds, by leisurely stages, to tell of Richard's youth, his education, his companions, letting us, bit by bit, into his character, of which the staple trait is nothing more sensational than honesty! Richard is actually honest! He says what he means, and looks what he is, and as a result, is, of course, misunderstood. This gives us the story—how honest little Richard loses his chance of wealth and the advantages of a high-class education simply because he will not kotow to social and religious prejudice. He succeeds in life as a successful bookseller, and afterwards as a publisher. Richard is just such a hero as an Anthony Trollope might have revelled in. He is a poor little nineteenth-century wight lost in a too, too twentieth century. To-day, when nobody writes about people in this logical, conscientious fashion, when your novelist despises sequence and form in his narrative, and charges six shillings (to paraphrase Ruskin) for hurling an inkpot in the public face, such a book as *Richard Baldock* must be given every praise that courage and literary purity deserve in a very debased period.

American Society Novels

I imagine it is easier for the proverbial camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a Briton born and bred to go through an American Society novel and get any pleasure or enlightenment out of the process. I am as much at home with a book like Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore* (Macmillan: 6*s.*), a story of gentility in a Southern town, and of the conversation and emotions of cultured Carolina pedigree people, as I should be with Gorky or Bjornson in their vernacular. When an American writer sets forth to tell us seriously about his country and its ways, as did Mr. Upton Sinclair in *The Jungle*, I am amazed and thrilled. When, however, he is flippant, and, like Mr. Wister, writes on the assumption that one knows and understands the social subtleties and conceits of the high-life of his country, I confess utter defeat. Long residence in the States might enable an English reader to roll his tongue in his cheek, or split his sides, alternately, through the doubtless laughable pages of *Lady Baltimore*. A life's sojourn on this misty, sea-girt islet, however, deprives me of that exquisite pleasure. I can just tolerate the fiction of English snobbery. A duke is

a duke the world over, and as such is comprehensible. But the novel of American high-life, which seems to me to alternate between dollar-worship, pedi-greed, and cheap "culture," is beyond me, and I wish, rather, that it could be kept on its own Continent.

"Macedoniacs"

The "trouble in the Balkans" of the present Spring seems to be taking the form of a plague of "Macedoniacs," if I may so designate the legion of literary exploiters of that distressful country. Mr. Brailsford's adequate volume has been followed by many others, of which *The Turk in the Balkans*, by Mr. T. Comyn-Platt (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*), calls for attention. Mr. Platt seems to be somewhat testy in his treatment of the subject. He gives, of course, the familiar facts about the situation, but the burden of his song seems to be the way in which travellers like himself are thwarted by the Sultan's minions in their quest for information. The system of espionage is so exact that any out-manœuvring of the officials is impossible. If a *Kaimakan*, or local governor, wishes to stay a traveller, he overwhelms him with hospitality, so that he remains in that particular place as long as convenient to the Government. Mr. Platt has evidently suffered this many times and oft, for he writes, it seems, very unkindly of his "hosts." For instance, he says that: "If any evidence were lacking as to the uncivilised condition of the Turk, a native repast will more than substantiate the fact." Why? Because, if you please, the eater, though regaled sumptuously with "soup, fish, mashed meat, roast goose, chicken, macaroni, honey, pastry, cheese," etc., etc., is expected to eat the solid dishes with his fingers and not with knife and fork! This is fiddling criticism. If the Turk is "civilised" enough to regale his guest in so lavish a fashion, surely the little laxity in the matter of forks scarcely makes him "uncivilised."

Lord Hindlip, F.R.G.S.

Whose book of travel and sport in Abyssinia and East Africa contains much valuable and interesting information

In the Land of Menelik

"I look upon Abyssinia as the greatest menace to the future peace of the African Continent." This sentence is from Lord Hindlip's new book, *Sport and Travel—Abyssinia and British East Africa* (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.*). It is practically the only political allusion in the volume, so I quote it with a due sense of its notability. Otherwise, Lord Hindlip tells of sport and travel in the land of Menelik, and his narrative is of the kind to make the mouth of the sportsman water. His journey to Adis Abeba alone brought down hyena, aoul, bustard, wild duck, wart hog, waterbuck, and lesser koodoo—a sufficiently wide variety on one march—while elsewhere lion, buffalo, "rhino," crocodile, elephant, cheetah, were shot freely. It is interesting to note that quite a good game of polo is to be enjoyed in the heart of Abyssinia, the ground having been given by Menelik to our resident, Colonel Harrington, who seems to be able to muster an excellent team from the small diplomatic colony at Adis Abeba. That "capital," by the way, is:

> Nothing but a collection of huts, wattle, mud and wood, built on a number of small hills. Here and there are a very few houses belonging to European traders, but the only buildings of any importance in the place are the Emperor's Palace, known as the Gibi, and the Italian and British Agencies.

Here is Lord Hindlip's not very flattering estimate of the Abyssinian character:—

> Next to the Abyssinian's cruelty comes his snobbishness, love of display, and admiration of shallow and cheap show in others. . . . His laziness is only equalled by his contempt of the hard-working Gallas who grow his grain and raise his cattle.

It is interesting to note that Lord Hindlip found on the Bilati river a Mohammedan colony in the midst of the "pagan country conquered by so-called Christians," amongst whom were a number of lepers. Some umbrage was taken, however, when these latter made it a point of etiquette to pay calls on the travellers in their camp! One more point of interest in Lord Hindlip's valuable volume is his statement that little or no encouragement was given him by the Foreign Office in a proposal to make surveys in Abyssinia and Somaliland, even though his lordship volunteered to provide the expenses! The same old story!

A Harmsworth Biography!

Those who appreciate kindly criticism, and believe that the living, no less than the dead, are entitled to the attention of the faithful biographer, will hail with joy the announcement that the Marlborough Press will publish shortly *The Life and Times of Alfred Harmsworth*, by T. W. H. Crosland. The work is not, I note with further pleasure, to be issued all at once, in one solid tome, but will appear in thirty weekly parts at sixpence each net, per part. That the subject is one in which the genial and universally respected author will be found at his best, no one can doubt who read, recently, in the deceased *English Review*, the delicate appreciation, entitled, 'Lord Helpus," with which Mr. Crosland greeted the elevation of Sir Alfred Harmsworth to the peerage.

A Book on Rome

No visitor to the Eternal City this season should omit to provide himself with Mr. Eustace Reynolds-Ball's guide-Book, *Rome*, published by Messrs. Black. The work contains all the needed information, maps, some good colour-plates, and has all those features which have made other books in this series of such value to travellers the world over.

VIVIAN CARTER

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. W. H. Fowler, Walton Heath Golf Club

Mr. Herbert Fowler deserves a special meed of thanks from London golfers for having discovered, engineered, and produced for them one of the finest inland courses extant. In the words of the famous epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, Mr. Fowler might say to the golfing visitor to Walton Heath, "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" Great and varied as have been Mr. Fowler's achievements in cricket and in golf, it is not too much to say that his greatest feat has been that of inventing the fine course which is invariably associated in the public mind with his name. To lay out a good course, even under the most favourable natural circumstances, calls for a great amount of judgment and practical golfing knowledge. When, as has been the case with Walton Heath, this difficult task has been performed in the teeth of all kinds of natural obstacles, you may say at once that he who made the course is a past master in all matters relating to links construction. Mr. Fowler, if he were asked, would probably confess that his great store of practical golfing knowledge was acquired at the sacred fountain-head of St. Andrews, where for many years his was one of the most familiar figures—I had almost said landmarks, in view of his exceptional stature—on the famous old course.

Photo *Montague Cooper*

Mr. W. H. Fowler

Celebrated golf champion, and founder of the Walton Heath Golf Club

Mr. Fowler's Triumphs

St. Andrews is the best of schools for golfers, not only for studying the game, but also for acquiring a knowledge of the true science of constructing a course. Nature and man have provided the student at St. Andrews with two most admirable examples in the shape of the old and new course. Mr. Fowler has put his studies to good use, for he is not only an authority on courses, but he is also a fine player. He has represented England three times in the International match and has won medals and prizes galore at most of the great club meetings in Scotland and England. Mention of his great stature reminds me that it was currently reported that Mr. Beldam found the mat he had arranged for photographing the various stances of great golfers for his famous book was not sufficiently large for Mr. Fowler's giant stretch of legs. He hits a very long ball, plays the short game excellently, and, as becomes a good billiard player, putts admirably. Partnered with James Braid, he reached the final of the London Foursome Tournament, and has shown at the late Easter meeting of the St. George's Club that he is just now in very fine fettle.

Alan McAfee's Patent Nails

To a great many of my readers these admirable nails for golf boots and shoes are, probably, already known, but, in case any of them are still in ignorance (not blissful in this case) of them, I think it my duty to call their attention to them. I have lately had two pairs of shoes fitted with Mr. McAfee's patent screw nails, and I must confess that I am delighted with them. The nails are really screws, which are fitted into sockets fixed in the sole of the shoe. They screw in the reverse way to an ordinary screw, so that with each stroke they are tightened up. If a nail comes out of the socket, as happened in the case of one of my shoes, a new one can be adjusted at once with the aid of an ordinary small screw-driver. Mr. McAfee supplies soles fitted with the nails, or sends nails and sockets which can be fitted to the golfer's shoes by his own bootmaker. Mr. McAfee should get some artist to imitate Harry Furniss's famous advertisement of Pears' Soap, for I am convinced that any player who has once used these nails would be ready to say, "Since using your nails, I have used none other." ERNEST LEHMANN.

The "Red Lion Hotel," Henley-on-Thames

It is seldom that so interesting a property as the historical and world-famous "Red Lion Hotel" at Henley comes into the market, which is to be sold by Messrs. Hampton, at the Mart, London, E.C., on May 8. The hotel is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, and commands a full view of the Regatta Course, and it will be sold with possession, the goodwill of the old-established business, and the magnificent fleet of launches, boats, and other river craft.

International Ladies' Golf

TOURNAMENT AT BARN ELMS LAST WEEK

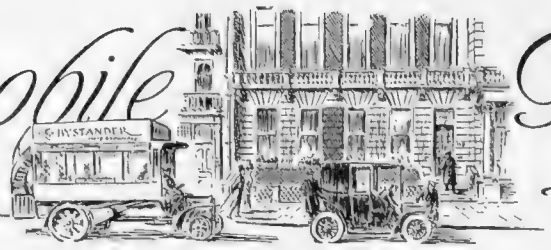
Miss Violet Hezlet
One of the Irish team, driving off from the first tee

Miss Campbell
One of the Scottish team, winners of the International Cup, at the finish of a fine drive

Miss May Hezlet, four times Irish Ladies' Champion, who was present at the Meeting

Miss May Hezlet is one of the foremost ladies in the world of sport in general and golf in particular. She is a frequent contributor on sporting matters to THE BYSTANDER

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Electricity v. Petrol

Much discussion has of late been indulged in by advocates of the rival systems of self-propelled traction which are now on trial before the public. Petrol, steam, and electricity have all found ardent apostles in the organs of the technical Press, and quite a "boom" in automobile "copy" has been organised by the daily papers. Mr. E. Manville, chairman of the Daimler Motor Company, started

Marshing through Georgia

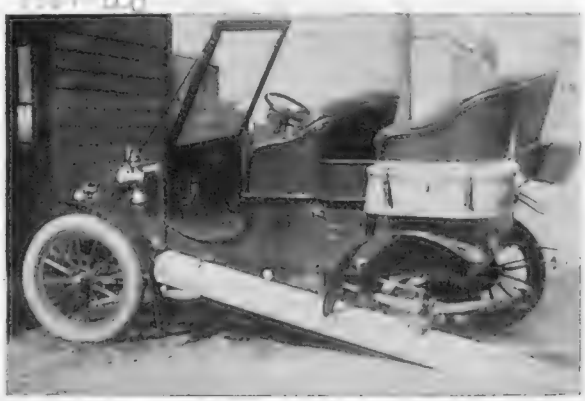
Over two miles of marshy ground were recently covered by this car while on tour in Georgia, U.S.A.

the ball when he read a most illuminating paper before the members of the Automobile Club on "The Comparative Merits of Electric Tramcars and Motor-'buses." Lieut.-Colonel R. E. Crompton, Mr. E. Shrapnell-Smith, Mr. Campbell-Swinton, Sir John MacDonald, Mr. Worby Beaumont, and other gentlemen of equal renown, added their quota by the contribution of pertinent observations, which were, in the main, in favour of what may be termed the railless vehicle. Of course, it was not long before the inevitable correspondent of the *Times* entered his protest against such objectionable features of the autobus as smoke and smell, whereupon unkindly criticisms were levelled at the head of the humble horse by advocates of his mechanical substitute. Very little entertainment or instruction was derivable from the debate until Mr. Stanley Spooner, editor of *The Automotor Journal*, obliged with a brilliant article, in which he summarised the *pros* and *cons* in a manner as masterly as it was impartial. After pointing out that the arduous conditions under which a motor-omnibus has to work, and the heavy loads it is called upon to carry upon all kinds of gradients, necessitate a much more robust type of mechanism than is required for even the most powerful pleasure car, Mr. Spooner observes that the autobus, as we know it to-day, is largely experimental. Hitherto, he says, neither steam nor electricity has proved generally so adaptable to automobile requirements as petrol. Were it not for the somewhat delicate nature of the engine, and for the necessity of providing a change speed-gear between it and the road-wheels, there would be no particular difficulty in building durable petrol omnibuses that would continue to run silently. Other drawbacks, such as smell, smoke, and vibration, are to be overcome by skill in construction and careful lubricating. As for the working cost, it may be estimated at from eightpence to tenpence per mile run, including a depreciation charge of 20 per cent. per annum.

* * *

Steam Motors

Many automobile authorities whose views deservedly command the highest respect, hold that steam will be the motive-power of the self-propelled vehicle of the future. This, of course, is a question which cannot be settled by any amount of academic discussion, but, meantime, it is interesting to note some recent developments which are tending to put the steam



A resourceful motorist

Mr. Frederick William Hedgeland broke the near-side driving-wheel of his Cadillac car, affixed the beam as shown, and drove home eleven miles

vehicle in a greatly improved position. The old style of boiler has been superseded by a steam generator of the flash type, and a new system of control enables the driver to regulate power instantaneously at will. Further, the steam can be readily condensed, and the water used over and over again, thus obviating the taking in of fresh supplies every thirty or forty miles, which used to be one of the regular, if minor, ills of motoring on a steam car a year or two ago. These developments are largely due to the enterprise of the famous White Steam Car Company, of America, whose cars are rapidly growing in favour on this side of the Atlantic, and to the untiring experiments conducted by Mr. Thomas Clarkson, who has done so much original

work in connection with steam omnibuses in this country. According to Mr. Stanley Spooner, there are grounds for supposing that working cost and depreciation of steam 'buses similar to the Clarkson type compare very favourably with those incidental to their petrol rivals.

* * *

An Unattained Ideal

For the electric motor as a sound conveyance of heavy traffic, Mr. Spooner holds no brief. While admitting that from many points of view the electric car or 'bus is the ideal vehicle, he remarks that practically no improvements of a far-reaching kind have been made in electric accumulators during the past eight or ten years, and that there is no present indication of any such advance. Every electrically propelled road vehicle must derive its power from a battery of accumulators carried with it, and this battery must be recharged at regular intervals. The life of accumulators is at the best extremely short, even under the most careful supervision; and although the prime cost of the battery required for a double-deck omnibus would not be less than £100, and two, if not three, would be required for each omnibus to enable it to run 120 miles a day, it would be almost unheard of for a battery to survive a distance of four or five thousand miles. The actual cost of recharging and maintaining the comparatively small battery on electric broughams and landaulettes has not yet been reduced below sixpence per mile run. It is obvious the cost for an electric autobus would greatly exceed this figure, and estimates place it — even with electric current at 1*d.* per Board of Trade unit — at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per mile run. Any probable further reduction in cost of accumulators is unlikely to bring the mileage rate below 1*s.*, which sum is in excess of the entire cost of running the petrol omnibuses now in use, so that it appears the electric omnibus is at present quite outside the realms of serious consideration as a competitor to the petrol type.

* * *

British Motor-Boat Club

On Saturday, May 5, the members of the British Motor-Boat Club hold the opening meet of the season at Kingston-on-Thames. There is to be a parade and cruise in company, starting from Nuthall's at 4 p.m., followed by an informal dinner at 7 p.m. Admiral Sir William Kennedy, Commodore of the Club, has intimated his intention to be present at the meet, as have the Marquis of Ailsa (Vice-Commodore), Sir Evan MacGregor (Secretary to the Admiralty), Lady MacGregor, Miss Eva MacGregor, Miss Alice Kennedy, Captain and Lady Mabel King-Hall, and Mr. J. R. Heaven. Secretary R. B. Robinson will be pleased to supply any desired information concerning the B.M.B.C., its aims and programme, to readers of THE BYSTANDER who communicate with him at the Craven Hotel, Craven Street, Strand, W.C.

* * *

This Year's Herkomer

It is somewhat unfortunate that important events at home will debar many British motorists from taking part in this year's contest for the Herkomer Trophy. The entry to date, however, is thoroughly representative, including, as it does, the names of Prince Henry of Prussia, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and other distinguished automobilists. So far, the entry numbers 146 cars.

Motor racing in Portugal

This 1906 24-40 F.I.A.T. car, the property of Mr. Pinto Leite, won the flying kilomètre and King of Portugal's Cup races at Lisbon

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Late Rev. H. B. Allen

The Rev. H. B. Allen, whose death occurred recently at Nice, was the father of the well-known lawn-tennis players, C. G. and E. R. Allen, and himself a player of quite exceptional skill, having regard to his age. Up to within a few years ago he was a familiar figure at many English and Continental meetings, where—in veterans' events, at any rate—he was almost the despair of handicappers; for he played a wonderfully strong and accurate game, and never seemed to tire. Nor did he confine himself by any means to the contests reserved for "old stagers." In open competition he could give points in Singles to many a man of half his age, and he and his son, "E. R.," were quite a useful pair in Doubles. Of late years he has played but little in public, except in the South of France, where his name has often figured on the prize list at Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Nice. He was sixty-eight years of age when he died, and had been rector of Colnworth, Bedfordshire, since 1868.

The late Rev. H. B. Allen

Whose death occurred recently at Nice. Mr. Allen was the father of the well-known lawn-tennis players, C. G. and E. R. Allen, and was himself a player of great skill

Covered Court Lawn Tennis

Everyone was anxious to see what A. F. Wilding would do in the Covered Court Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting last week, for his play on the Continent had stamped him as the coming man for whom we have been waiting for several seasons past. The tip that he would go right through to the Championship round turned out to be wrong, but he went as near to doing it as makes no difference, and the final, in which he was just beaten by A. W. Gore, after a punishing five-set struggle, was the best and most interesting match of the Meeting. His defeat of Ritchie in the second round, though it served to emphasise the improvement in his form, was not altogether conclusive, for Ritchie (who was suffering from a cold) was not playing anything like the game which has enabled him to cope before now even with the invincible Doherty himself. But about the final there could be no question. It was a fine display, and the loser is entitled to almost as much credit as the winner. Wilding has undoubtedly strengthened his game all round, and has paid particular attention to his weak points. He is very active, and quick as well, considering his height and weight, but his volleying is still a shade clumsy, and he will gain a lot if he can learn to do more work at the net with his wrist, and less with the full weight of his body. It seems a funny thing to say of a man who has already touched thirty-eight years of age, but Gore has improved, too; his backhand pass, both across the court and down the line is surer, and so is his volleying. When he comes in on the top of one of his big drives the other man is in a bit of a tight place. It must not be forgotten that Gore won the Covered Court Championship in 1900, the All-England Championship in 1901, and that his play on these same covered courts last autumn, when he won the London Championship, was very fine indeed; but all the same, he was as good as he has ever been last week, and this estimate applies equally to the Championship round, although H. L. Doherty beat him by three sets to love. He was at a disadvantage, as the challenger always is against a holder who stands out, and went into court footsore and rather weary, but he made a bold bid for the second set and a better still for the third, going for his stroke like a man, and taxing Doherty's powers to the utmost. But Doherty played almost throughout with his usual machine-like accuracy, making the game as hard as possible for his adversary without taking unnecessary risks. This is his sixth consecutive win in this event, and he has thereby beaten E. W. Lewis's record of five, though the latter has two more, after a break of three years, to his credit, making seven in all.

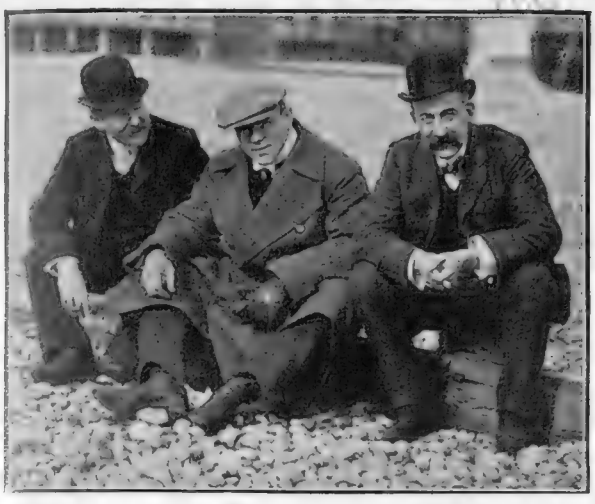


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Georges Hackenschmidt (centre) on the beach at Worthing

The Champion is accompanied by Mr. J. E. McManus, a well-known sporting journalist (left), and Mr. Arthur Brasher, of the *Daily Chronicle*

The Dohertys Win the Doubles, but lose in the Mixed

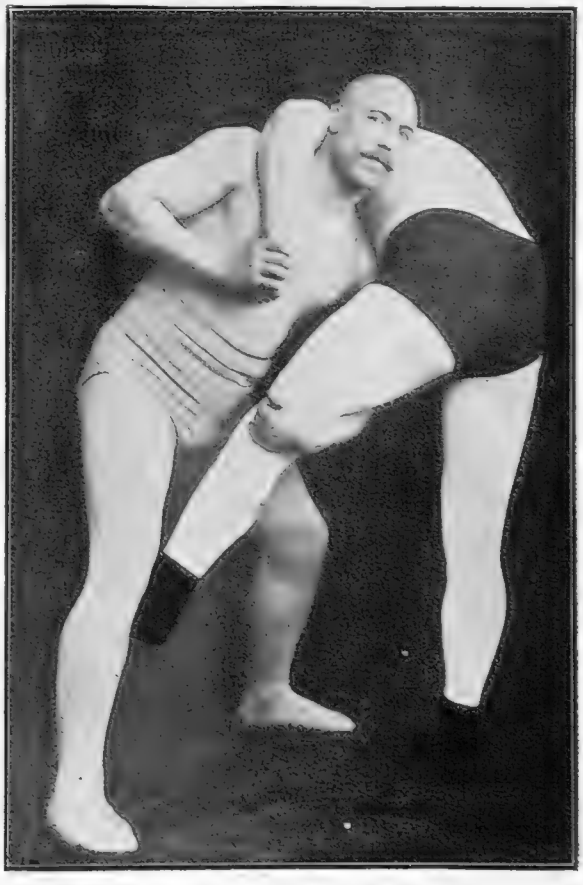
The victory of the Dohertys in the Doubles was, of course, more or less of a foregone conclusion, and "H. L.'s" name will now go on the Cups for the ninth consecutive time. Last year and the year before, "R. F." did not play in this event, and "H. L.'s" partner was G. W. Hillyard. The best match was that in which the brothers beat Ritchie and Wilding. The champions, though obviously the better pair, had to go all the way, and directly they dropped their game a bit the others promptly got the upper hand and won a set (the third) at 6—2. There were some capital rests of quick volleying in the course of the match, and, in fact, the standard of play all round was high. In the three sets which they won the champions did not lose a single service game. The final, in which they defeated Gore and Caridia, was rather disappointing. Gore, though he made many fine shots, was obviously feeling the effects of his previous exertions, and Caridia, though brilliant at times, was hopelessly erratic at others, so that the pair quite failed to reproduce that dashing game which enabled them to beat "H. L." and Hillyard in the London Doubles last autumn on the same court. The ladies' matches were dull. The only one to make any real show against Miss Douglass in the Singles was Miss Lowther—a former cup-holder, by the way—but after picking up from 3—5 to 5-all, she lost the first set through being in too much of a hurry to win it, and lost her accuracy altogether in the second. In the Mixed Doubles, Wilding and Miss Douglass triumphed both over H. L. Doherty and Miss Lowther (the winners of 1902 and 1903), and R. F. Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith, the winners of last year, and the result went a long way towards proving that a lady who volleys in a Mixed Double must do it extremely well if the game is to be made to pay, especially with a driver like Wilding on the other side of the net. Miss Lowther and Miss Eastlake Smith both "stood up," but their volleying was not up to the requisite mark, and Miss Douglass on the base-line was far more useful to her partner.

The Corinthians Finish a Good Season Badly

The Corinthians have done so well this season that it was quite on the cards that they would beat Liverpool, the League champions, in the Dewar Shield match on Saturday, but, as it turned out, they had an off day. Their shooting was poor, and there was a weak spot in their defence, while, on the other hand, the "pro.'s" were quite on the top of their game. Previously, the Corinthians had only lost once—to Tottenham.

Hackenschmidt v. Madrali

The "greatest contest of the century" (according to the advertisements) was a very one-sided affair. In the first round, Hackenschmidt threw his opponent, without any apparent difficulty, as soon as he had fairly got hold of him. In the second, Madrali seemed to get a momentary advantage, but the Russian got down on all fours and remained immovable, despite several vicious digs from his adversary's knee, which I presume are permitted by the rules of wrestling. After a couple of minutes of this the opportunity came; the Turk was suddenly rolled over, with the Russian on the top of him, and the match was over. Olympia's usual bad luck did not desert it. The expensive seats were not a quarter filled, to the profit of the gallery, who climbed down and took possession of all vacant places. Moreover, the rowdy element caused a nasty crush at the exit, where some of the lady spectators must have had a very unpleasant experience.



Ahmed Madrali's favourite leg grip

Which failed, on Saturday at Olympia, to overcome the conquering Hackenschmidt, who threw his adversary twice in 5 mins. 34 secs.

A Woman's Note Book

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE HOLIDAYS

After the Holidays

Other people's holidays are most demoralising; and it is wonderful how long it takes us to settle down after them. I don't believe most of us have recovered from Easter *yet*. It is not that I—or you, my readers—want to make a fête of Bank Holidays, since it is possible for us to seek recreation at other and more suitable times, without the likelihood of being jostled, harassed, or, perhaps, run over by a motor-car. It is not that we wish to suspend our daily work, but we simply cannot help it. There is the infection of a do-nothing spirit in the air, which makes itself felt in every grade of society. You may see 'Arry, his hands plunged deep into his pockets, as he saunters along whistling out of tune, or sitting lazily upon a bank, every now and then throwing stones at things he has no interest in hitting; while 'Arriet giggles inanely alike at his failures and successes. This is the do-nothing spirit; but you are much mistaken if you think this is yours or mine. Ours is a restless, discontented, "what-shall-I-do-with-myself" thing; while the other is to be supremely, gloriously, happily — but not picturesquely — idle. Undoubtedly we have caught our mood from 'Arry and 'Arriet; these cheerful, ugly, irresponsible crowds outside have sent us the signal to suspend our labours, though we are unable to ferret out the secret of contentment which pervades *them*. There is no joy to us in cutting twigs we do not want, or in carving our initials upon tree trunks, and thereby disfiguring the country. We cannot laugh at any but the funniest joke, nor make ourselves happy over what is apparently just nothing at all; even planned picnics, games, and entertainments, are things we have so often gone through. Decidedly we are the losers on many points, for being *blasé*, and what we call educated.

An Attractive English Poor

The best we can do at present with Bank Holidays, since we cannot understand the mood of the holiday-makers, is to put up with them. Even those realistic gentlemen who have sallied forth into "mean streets" and back slums to find poetry in scrubbing-brushes and sooty housewives, have chiefly found their vocations as sympathisers to exist in the pathos of the poor, the daily round—drudgery, work, hardships, and general drabness of sentiment —which bursts forth to triumphant culmination in a love of funerals and churchyards.

Wherefore Their Joy?

Joyful 'Arry and 'Arriet have not been sufficiently written about; we want something to reconcile us to their manners, ways, hats, and watch-chains. The attempt, when it *has* been made, has been a failure; this is proved, because we don't like, or understand, or sympathise with Bank Holiday crowds. Is there no way of making 'Arry intelligible, no way of reconciling his outward expression with his inward moods, or human nature, which is supposed to be the same in us all? Here is a chance for some apostle of realism, who feels such things as undelivered messages surging within his soul! It is a difficult, and perhaps at first a thankless, task, but I venture to think not an impossible one. British prejudice is a hard wall against which to throw oneself; but a *stalwart* apostle, with tenacity in repeating himself, should prevail in time. It is wonderful what a few words, mixed with a little talent and a great deal of conviction, can do. But there is a trick in the recipe, without which appeal for an audience will always be made in vain. To say a thing to any purpose, it must be uttered with that childlike sense of a suddenly discovered treasure, which (despite the fact that Adam and Eve may have understood all about it) hoodwinks the listener into the belief that he is being told something new. It is just because our realistic writers have given too much the form of sermon to what should have been sheer revelation, that they have had such a fleeting success.

LADY PHYLLIS.

A Princess as a Painter

The above group of zinnias is taken from a painting by H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught, which was shown recently at the Royal Amateur Art Society Exhibition, at 1, Belgrave Square

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FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The only dress worthy a moment's consideration this season will be individual dress. Now this, I am well aware, is a bold statement; nevertheless, I await in all faithfulness its fulfilment. Fashions in any sort, readily acceptable to the popular vote, are far too easily plagiarised in these mercantile days to remain long desirable. At the same time, I am haunted by the fear that courage will be lacking to seize the opportunity that presents itself for working out individual inspirations.

So far as it is given to my judgment to perceive, there is positively no style short of an orthodox Greek drapery that might not be safely essayed. On the one hand we have clinging Empire frocks, and on the other flounced affairs up to the waist, reminiscent of 1860. Corselet skirts and long Louis Seize bodices, pinafore frocks, stiff little mess coats, vague boleros, long enveloping cloaks, and infinitesimal capelets. Now, in all seriousness, could there possibly be a greater catholicity than this?

Charming coiffure, with aigrette ornament

Drawn by K. Pleydel Young

Rampant Exaggerations

The temptations to indulge in absurdities was never more evident, and, alas! many are falling into the error. At the same time, I am entirely at variance with a contemporary, who condemns the whole millinery output as ugly. There is much that is eminently pleasing in this department, and the fault lies wholly with the wearer, who makes unintelligent and stupid selection out of a most generous *galère*.

There are hosts of shapes suitable to the average English countenance, which is seldom of the type known as piquant, and styles, moreover, honoured by the best Parisian regard, that are wilfully disregarded in favour of an eccentric narrow model, hopelessly at variance with the whole British *ensemble*. Myself, I think a large share of the disdain cast upon the millinery of the moment is due to the fact that *récherché* representative *chapeaux* have been donned with winter costumes. Dingy dresses and over-smart headgear is an alliance that scarcely savours of success, alternately relieved by last year's *coq* feather boa, or a wisp of *crêpe de chine* scarf about the throat.

I am not too desperately enamoured of those same scarves appropriated to modern use. As originally adjusted, low down about the shoulders, they were graceful and decorative enough, whereas twisted tight around the throat, like a surgical bandage, the best are no better than a wisp of ordinary chiffon, notwithstanding a very host of original devices, not even excepting handwork itself. Throughout the entire modistic world at present, however, there is a tendency to fall into slightly unintelligent exaggeration, whereby we are wilfully undoing a more than usually hopeful outlook.

An Original Adaptation

French tissue, really a sort of furniture tapestry, in delicate *chêne* designs on a biscuit ground, is the latest recruit to the trimming world. As will be surmised, this is cut out into *appliqué* form, and the effect, when mounted on a background of coarse Shantung silk, dyed to some delicate tint, is that of some impressionist painting.

I first encountered this original inspiration applied round the hem of a delicate Sèvre blue Shantung, the upper part of which was manœuvred into slim pinafore form over the filmiest slip of chiffon and lace, on which occurred discreet touches of black and old rose. Nor can too much be made of the revived key or Greek pattern, effected in braid and strappings. The latter is particularly attractive when of narrow form and well pressed into the background, and, as may be imagined, is greatly in request for the inevitable black smart tailor-made cloth, which has a thought more emphasis laid on it

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than ever—if that, indeed, is possible. And do not forget, you keen devotees of the *sable* costume, that a jetted corselet, developing into long radiating lines down a flowing skirt of marquisate, or *crêpe de chine*, is accounted among the items that effect a particular *cachet*. And speaking of marquisate, reminds me once again to enforce the claims of grenadine, under its improved latter-day auspices. The middle-aged, with whom grenadine has ever been a material invested with a peculiar charm, will gladly welcome the revival, and there are models galore wherewith they can conjure up many a long-delayed dream of their imagination.

The Importance of the Coiffure

With all pride, I proclaim the fact that I am acquainted with all the best coiffurial artists in our midst, and I invariably find them most interesting and illuminative. It is a very fine art, is this one of the *posticheur*, and to the credit of the community be it said, no single opportunity has been lost for furthering its claims on the public. The only members, to be left behind in the race, are those who have been stupidly philandering with historical revivals, that people require about once in a blue moon, instead of stepping with the times, and evincing an understanding for latter-day demands.

That we are on the eve of some big developments, is a fact very generally conceded by the faculty. For the inclination grows steadily in favour of dressings piled inches high, augmented by amazing decorations of the feathery type. Added to which, there comes a demand for a free, easy naturalness about the face. Anything approaching set or severe outline is now taboo, the skill of the artist revealed, in assuming a virtue of carelessness that is not there. The season has ushered in with much impressiveness tiny bunches of curls, entitled Empire. Although these are the epitome of naturalness and quite capable of deceiving the mere man—who is gloriously obtuse in such matters—the practised eye of woman speedily detects the addition as invariably extraneous. The Gibson girl coiffure still finds many adherents, and is becoming enough in the majority of cases, but—a little but—it is not accounted quite *crème de la crème*.

Few, however, would bring up any disparaging remarks anent the suggestion pictured on the previous page of a dark, beautifully dressed coiffure, carrying a thick feather osprey on a delicate maize shade, caught with a bow of old-gold *galon*.

A Récherché Race Coat

The before-mentioned Shantung is prepared to have a big word to say in the composition of the representative dust and race coat of the season, and would tell a convincing tale, in one of the natural tints, in the cause of the original design illustrated. A particularly coarse quality of lace is requisitioned as decorative relief, dyed exactly to tone with the Shantung, while a smart little half-vest of old tapestry brocade adds a particular *cachet* to the front.